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THE SPHERE, OCTOBER 1, 1932
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 1/-

The SPHERE

Vol. CXXXI. No. 1706 OCT. 1, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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"GLORIA" *(above).* — An elegant Gown in the new dull and heavy crepe maramat. In black, white, shell pink, new blue, cherry or green. In three small sizes.

7½ gns.

Cannot be sent on approval.

"DOROTHEA" *(at left).* — A very charming Dinner Dress in Faille Tricoline, trimmed with fine needlerun ecru lace. The cross-over fichu is edged scalloped embroidery, and ties into waist at back. In black, brown, wine or copper. Three small sizes.

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"YVONNE" *(at right).* — An elegant Gown in Velvet, finished with fine ecru lace top and epaulette shoulders. Worn with separate cape. In black, brown, copper or sapphire. Three small sizes.

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, October 1, 1932

A LIGHTHOUSE OF BRITISH TRADE

Kindled by the Prince of Wales in Denmark Last Week

The Ambassador of Empire—the greatest commercial traveller in all history—the Prince of Wales, is making a superb and brilliantly successful effort for Imperial trade in Denmark. His inauguration of the British Exhibition in the Tivoli grounds just outside Copenhagen was triumphant, and already orders are flooding into British firms. The ties that bind the two nations, deriving from a common ancestry and cemented by the late Queen Alexandra, are now knit even closer by the Prince of Wales who is seen on the right with King Christian

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New

UNITED ONCE MORE: The Princess Helen of Rumania with Prince Michael of Alba Julia—ex-Queen and ex-King. The Prince is over on a visit to his "spiritual home," for he has been brought up (by his mother during his father's exile) absolutely on English lines. Princess Helen was quoted as "London's happiest mother" on the day he arrived

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, September 28, 1932.

ELSINORE!—There is a tag concerning Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark which (I am sure) some of our humorists can and will twist wittily to point the Prince's visit to Copenhagen. Or one might do worse than quote from Thomas Campbell, and sing the glorious day's renown and the might of Denmark's crown, while the Prince of all the land led them on. For our modern all-conquering Nelson sailed into instant victory across the sky and in the teeth of a gale, and the might of Denmark's crown followed after. Copenhagen went wild with enthusiasm for the Prince, who came in peace to fight a great battle for British industry and world trade, and the revels continued far into the night.

Out spake the victor then
As he hailed them o'er the wave:
Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save.

. . . .

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light!
By thy wild and stormy steep
Elsinore!

Why do we bother to write new poetry when the stock in hand can always be adapted to any and every occasion?

THE LAST MINSTREL.—The Wizard of the North, Walter Scott, was honoured last week, when the centenary of his death actually fell, at the culmination of nine months of celebration. For a whole year he has been prominently in our memories and hearts. We have honoured his name and works again and again; honoured, too, more materially, his descendants and publishers, and pored over the mass of fresh researches into his life and actions. We have found in that life nothing that was not high in ideals and noble in the main. His frailties we excuse when we recall his industry and sense of honour. Before we dismiss him—not that he will ever entirely lose the romantic limelight—let us tie a few more considered labels on him. He humanized history for us. By inventing the historical novel he paved the way for the modern novelist-biographer. He gave us history without tears, or rather with the laughter and the tears that compound human life, even so, mingling shades of joy and woe. A pioneer, if ever there was one, he was also the last minstrel, the last of a race which was old when Homer sang his lays and told his tales. He set a score of new fashions which time does not kill easily. He made Scotland fashionable and prosperous. Indeed, he "discovered" Scotland (*temp.* George IV) to Englishmen. He set a new value on the unknown treasures long concealed (and despised) in a thousand muniment rooms. He made the past intelligible, the present endurable, and the future valuable. A mine prospector who struck many lucky veins, he found payable gold in mines long disused, and new reefs for posterity. And if our children find his books rather tedious to get through, they will yet remember and honour him, because he lives as a great man apart from his books, splendid in his courage, his humanity, his sympathy. There is not an Englishman, or for that matter, foreigner, who crossing the border feels that extraordinary and unfading sense of adventure and romance, who does not owe an unforgettable experience to Walter Scott.

LITERATURE'S STONY PATH.—The more I read of Arnold Bennett's *Diaries*, the more I discount the sensational reports of authors' profits. No doubt the very successful best sellers make big money at last, but there isn't much (but promise of a future harvest) in a first best seller, even by a proved author. A frank autobiography or diary by an author, alive to the commercial side of writing, is nearly always absorbing, sometimes sensational, and not seldom damaging to the romantic ideal of literary genius and inspiration. And doubtless if Bennett's diaries had been published to the era that read and condemned Trollope's, Bennett also would have "lost caste and favour." But nowadays we expect our literary men to live on more material fare than air and high ideals, and we realize that great scenes are "mugged up" from blue books and guide books. Bennett's *Diary* astonishingly reveals how hard a path he trod before money came easily. He was still counting shillings when his eighth book was out; he was thankful to be assured of £600 a year when *The Old Wives' Tale* was in a fourth edition. For many years, and up to his forty-second birthday, he was slogging along, more often sick than not, at a thousand words a day at the paid rate of about 35s. a thousand. Allowing for the depreciation in the value of money since the War, it must be admitted that this hard-headed, hard-working, efficient man of letters found literature an uphill road to fortune.

AUTHORS IN THE "LISTS."—A week or two ago Mr. "Dodo" Benson paused in a journalistic ramble among our yesterdays to slash the Book Society. And it must be admitted that the Book Society is an Aunt Sally irresistible by those whose literary works the Society does not crown with bays. When the Book Society recommends your latest volume as a masterpiece, you are apt to be less critical of its superlatives and of its manifest weaknesses, and you may even revise your opinion that the discovery of not less than two immortal masterpieces every week in the year does no service to literature. For a while, at any rate, one grows more sympathetic towards acknowledged masterpieces when he has one to his credit. Mr. Walpole is the acknowledged champion of the Book Society and he entered the lists to unhorse Mr. Benson. Mr. Walpole's methods are rather feline. He did not observe that Mr. Benson as a writer is extinct—as his *Dodo*. He did not indeed directly defend the Book Society. He did his duty in more oblique fashion. He defended Arnold Bennett, who does not indeed need a defender. He remarked that if Bennett did not admire Benson as a writer, it did not necessarily prove him an unsound critic, and that if Benson found it impossible to read one of Bennett's books it did not necessarily damn the book. It is never edifying to watch literary men scratching each other, but it is fair to say that the public's chief criticism of the Book Society comes under the general heading of scratching. Little as we like to see authors scratching each other's faces, we prefer it to watching them scratching each other's backs. But Mr. Walpole's and Mr. Benson's methods (in attack) are too much alike to afford much sport to onlookers.

THE AUTUMN SPATE.—The autumn spate of literature is rushing along, carrying millions of leaves on its bosom. If one-tenth of what the critics say be true, there are scores of new books to be read and enjoyed beside the first firesides of autumn. In blind trust in our critics I have marked down: *Greenbanks*, by Dorothy Whipple; *Sarah Marlborough*, by Kathleen Campbell; *The Pascarella Family*, by Werfel; *The Great Victorians*, edited by the Massinghams; *The Intelligent Man's Guide*, by G. D. H. Cole; *Luxury Liner*, by Gina Kaus. If disillusionment follow, it is the system, and not the willing reader who will be at fault. Every one of these books has been given a free pass in letters of fire and gold to immortality.

BLUFF?—Gandhi has been the object of chaff by irresponsible people in this country. For we do not know much about the natures of men like him, and our knowledge of Oriental character is still slight. His dress, habits, and pronouncements have appeared sometimes ridiculous to the mass of Englishmen, but few big men who have experience of India and of her varied races and types underrate his genuineness, determination, high ideals, and pluck. It is not to be thought for a moment that he was recklessly bluffing, that he was staking his life and reputation in one double gamble when he began his fast to death. If he broke it before his political object was attained, his reputation was pricked like a balloon, and he was ridiculous for ever. If he died, he died a martyr to millions, and his memory must remain a festering sore in British administration in India. Clearly he counted the chances, gave himself as much time as possible to achieve his aim, and believed that the justice of his demands combined with the importance of his stake would secure it. If it was a bluff, it was the sort of bluff which a shrewd business man would feel justified in taking, though his life's policy was opposed to gambling in any form. A mathematical calculation rather than a bluff. How very, very little the British public knows, or cares to know, about India. It prefers to express its amazement at the extreme seriousness with which the British and Indian Governments treated the "antics and gestures of a poseur."

A PUZZLED TORY.—The Ottawa proposals are so opposed to the principles of Liberals and good free-traders that—

The Liberal Ministers in the Government are resigning in a body, probably on September 28. [Daily paper.]

It is only from intense patriotism that the Liberal Ministers propose to remain in the Government, in order to meet and overcome the grave national and international difficulties of our time. [Daily paper, same day.]

Sir Herbert Samuel's position is neither illogical nor embarrassing. It was clearly stated on March 23, and to-day its logic and validity are more clearly established than ever. [Daily paper.]

The position of Sir Herbert Samuel is embarrassing in the extreme, since the party will undoubtedly demand the resignation of the Liberal Ministers in a body. [Daily paper, same day.]

The "puzzled Tory" scratches his head, perpends and expresses a hope: That logic and patriotism will direct the choice of the Liberal Ministers at these cross-roads and that they will tak' the high road and reject the low. The time for standing-out from the great National effort is long passed. There is no sense in backing out now since the objects to be attained at Ottawa were clearly defined in June. If the Liberals resign in a body, the last breath will be crushed out of the body of Liberalism.

"THE WORLD OF WOMEN" IN "THE SPHERE"

The Editor has pleasure in announcing that he has secured the services of Miss Dorothy Todd, the distinguished exponent of matters feminine, in order that she may expound to "Sphere" readers "The World of Women" in its many facets to-day. For many years Miss Todd held with great brilliance the position of Editress of (English) "Vogue," and was a Director of the Company. A first section by Miss Todd appears in this issue. The decoration of the Home and of its Presiding Genius—Woman—are dealt with on

pages 22–25

sletter

FIRST FRUITS OF OTTAWA.—We scratch our poor puzzled heads again and wonder. Ottawa's substantial success was jeopardized, we were constantly assured, by one huge snag—our trade agreement with the Soviet. So long as we permitted the Soviet to dump its raw products in England to the detriment of Dominion (?) trade, Canada could not fall into line. A formula was at last found. The great snag was by-passed. And while the delegates were still assuring their delighted nations of the high hopes which may be entertained of closer economic unity within the Empire, we learned of a mighty deal in Soviet oil which was even then being dumped in Montreal to the serious damage of Empire trade—a deal which might cost Trinidad a quarter million sterling a year. It is very puzzling, but I learn with thankfulness that Mr. Bennett, while promising redress, has a perfectly reasonable explanation, showing the deal to be strictly within the letter of the compacts arrived at; and as for the spirit, the spirit will give temporary employment to 300 Canadians.

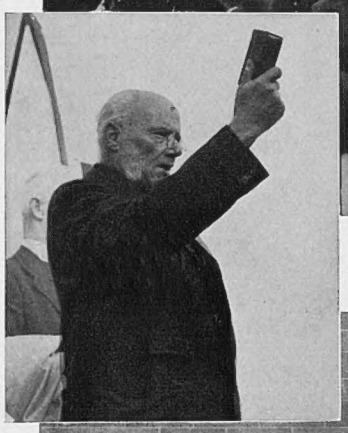
NOISE.—The scientists have been trying out the effect of noise on Cambridge undergraduates. Their conclusions whitewash noise and are most unsatisfactory to me. They have decided that noise has been libelled; that so far from baulking a man's work, it positively stimulates him to greater efforts and higher flights. It is all bunkum to say that a noisy noise annoys an oyster. It has the effect of opening him, of expanding his usefulness like a bud kissed by the sun. If you want good work done, introduce into your classrooms and workshops the shrieks of a file enhanced by loud-speakers; rattle fire alarms, beat drums, crank crank, blow up the trumpets also and shawms; let loose the jazz fiends—and the results will astonish you. You will obtain the results of the Great Victorians and the craftsmen of old time. There is no minority report; no note of doubt as to these conclusions. Indeed I see but one loophole. Can the victims of the experiment be trusted to know what work is? Is a Cambridge undergraduate entitled to represent the world's worker?

THE PROMS.—The real end of one more great autumn season of music at the Queen's Hall comes to-night with Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, for Saturday's programme is in the nature of a popular wind-up. The last few years have shattered for ever the view that the British nation cares nothing for good music. And no one can justly minimize that great service which the B.B.C. has done to kill that legend by educating the public to appreciate the best. One had only to study those vast and enthusiastic Friday night audiences, which neither heat-waves nor more frivolous distractions had power to reduce, to be assured of the truth. Sir Henry Wood has done miracles; in a long generation he has never once failed his public; but alone he could not have achieved what has been achieved. Listening to one of his concerts on the wireless is not, and never could be, the same experience as attending at Queen's Hall. However good the reception, there is wanting that added thrill which the sight of a well-trained and well-led orchestra affords. But the B.B.C. is a god-sent substitute and a famous educator and publicity agent. It has taught a million Englishmen to recognize Beethoven, Bach, Mozart and the rest by ear—and to ask for more, to insist on getting it, and to go out and find it.

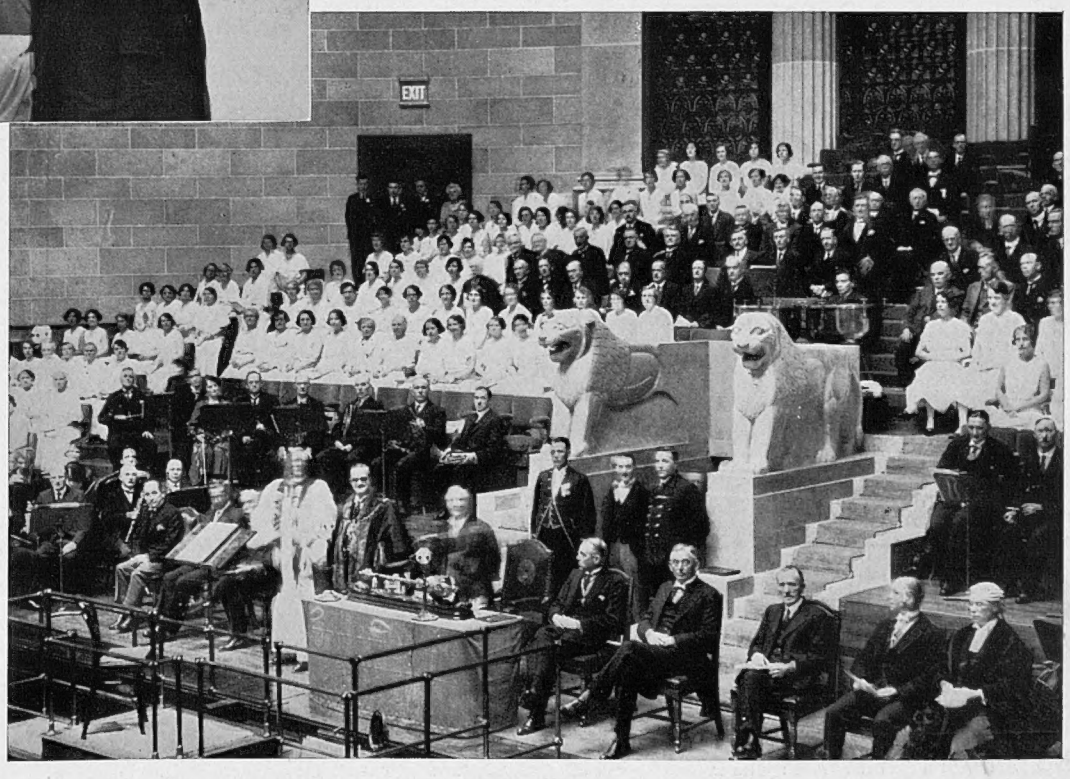
BUYING CLOTHES.—The pleasure that women derive from choosing new clothes is not beyond the comprehension of the mere man, even those mere men who are compelled to foot the bill. For the truth is that men of all ages experience some of that keen pleasure themselves. And of all seasons of the year when wardrobes come to be restocked, the autumn buying season affords the keenest joy. The more substantial the wear, the greater are the opportunities for distinction, fitness, and taste. I found myself pilloried last week by a literary critic in *John o' London* for defining taste as "the ephemeral opinion of a resolute cabal whose outward confidence cloaks their own, and chokes their neighbour's doubts." But if this is not true of women's dress fashions, I'll eat my hat. The joy which women experience in buying new clothes is the gambler's thrill. For women are held to dress for women and thereby they enhance their anxieties in the gamble. They certainly underrate the perspicacity of the male. A man may not say much, but he is quite alive to good taste in women's dress. The fashion shows are open. Remember what I say. Go in and win.

THE OLD STAGER.

THE AERIAL GATE-CRASHER: The light aeroplane which crashed into a house in Whitchurch Gardens, Edgware, at the end of last week, and came to rest finally in the front garden. The pilot escaped with only superficial cuts, and delegated the guarding of his wrecked machine to the police

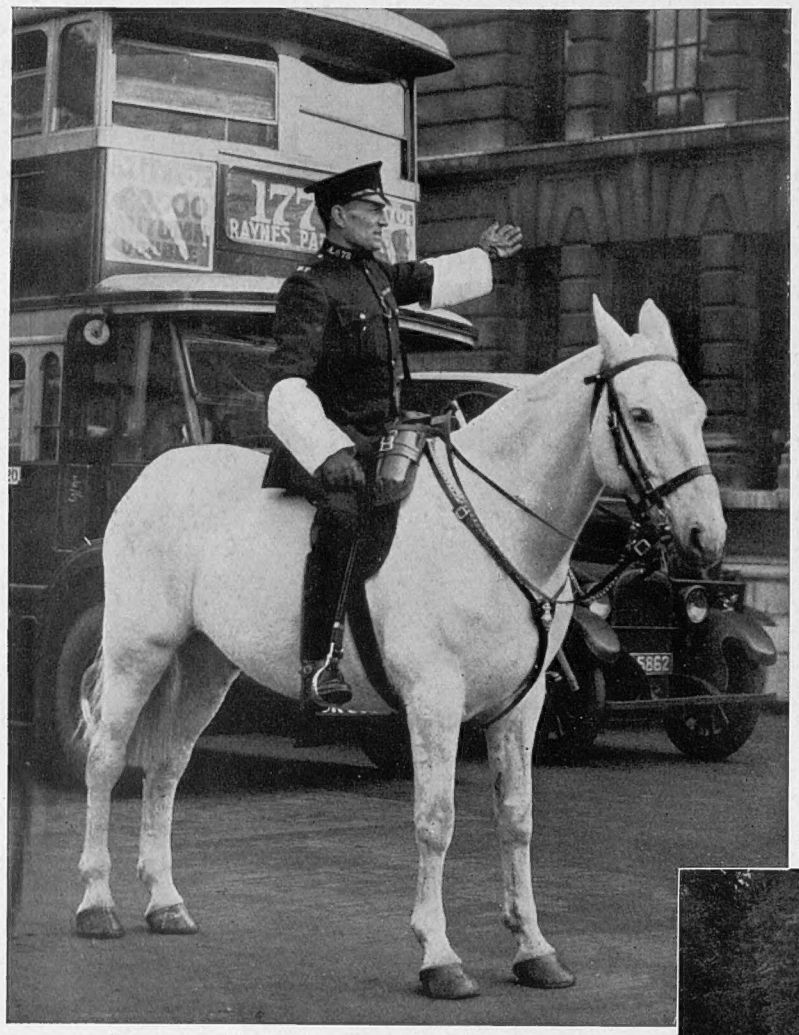


UNITED METHODISTS, headed by four bands and the banner of Union, marched from Central Hall, Westminster, to Hyde Park last Saturday afternoon to attend the most spectacular open-air demonstration in the history of the Church since Wesley's day

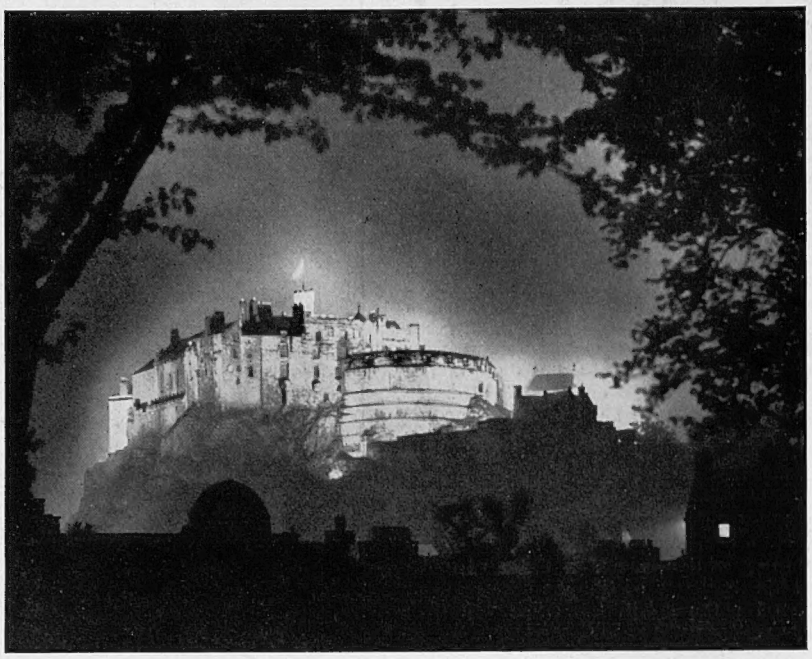


THE HALF-MILLION HALL: The Lord Mayor of Sheffield, Alderman T. Watkins, opened, at the end of last week, the new City Hall, which cost £500,000. Upon the table before which the Mayor delivered his inaugural address lay the traditional mace—and two microphones. *Inset* is Dr. Scott Lidgett, the President of the Methodist Conference, holding aloft Wesley's Bible at the great demonstration in Hyde Park

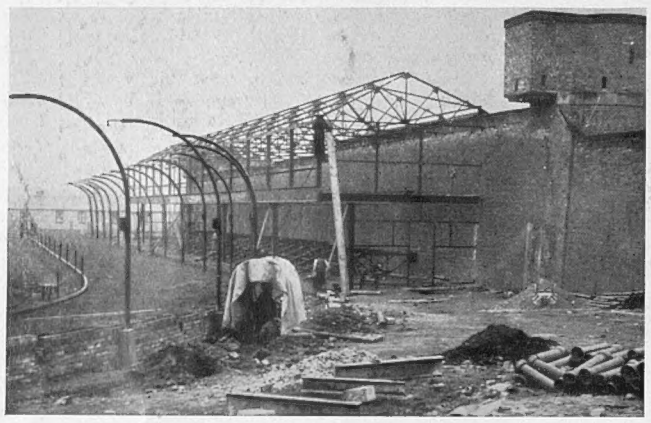
NEWS on the HOME FRONT



NEW DUTIES FOR THE MOUNTED POLICE: Mounted on white horses and girded with white armlets, the mounted police are now established as controllers of traffic in Whitehall



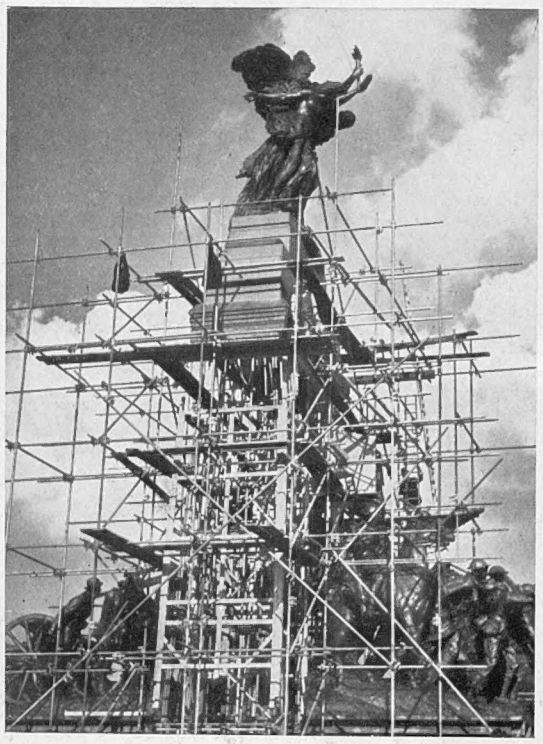
CELEBRATING SCOTT: A view of the famous old rock-perched Castle seen from Old Grayfriars Churchyard. Half-Moon Battery is discernible in the picture. A series of fiery beacons also blazed in Sir Walter's country



THE USE OF A PRISON: Derby Gaol, recently closed and demolished, is now being converted into a greyhound track. The prison walls are being utilized for grandstand backgrounds

IN HONOUR OF THE WIZARD OF THE NORTH: A memorial service was held at the grave of Sir Walter Scott a few days ago. Public bodies from the twin Scottish metropoles, Edinburgh and Glasgow, as well as from all the Border towns, were present at Dryburgh Abbey

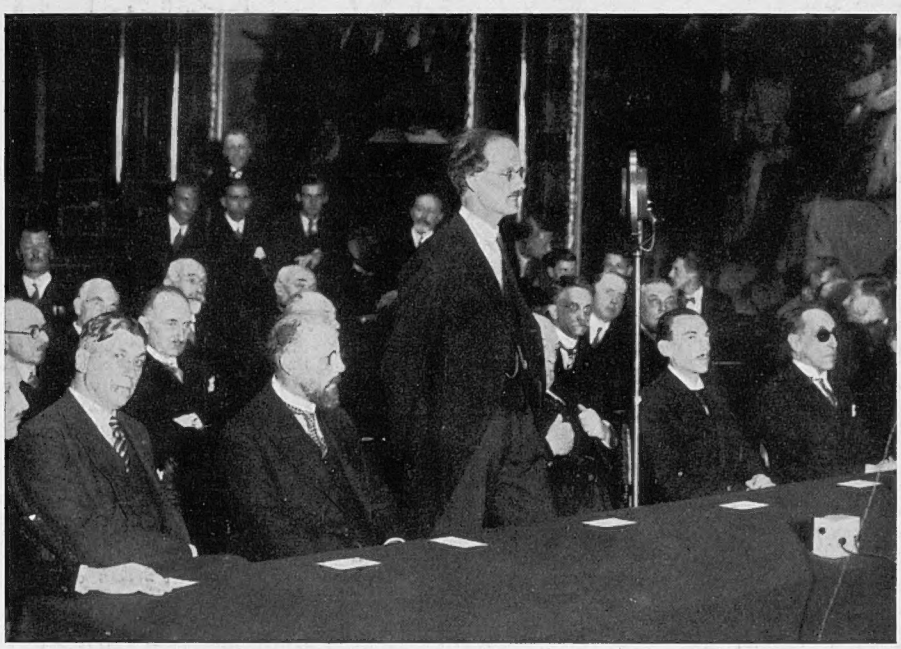
OPENING AN AIR PORT BY AIR: The Lord Mayor of London flew from Heston to open the new Hillman aerodrome at Romford. He is seen replying to congratulations wired from New York



TO CANADA'S IMMORTAL DEAD: The great Canadian War Memorial is to be erected in Hyde Park for some time before being sent to Canada. It is the work of several brothers

A PHILATELIC ACADEMY: The exhibition of stamps at the Holborn Restaurant includes the late Tsar's collection of the proofs of the Romanoff issue, which cost £50,000 to produce

NEWS ON FOREIGN FRONTS



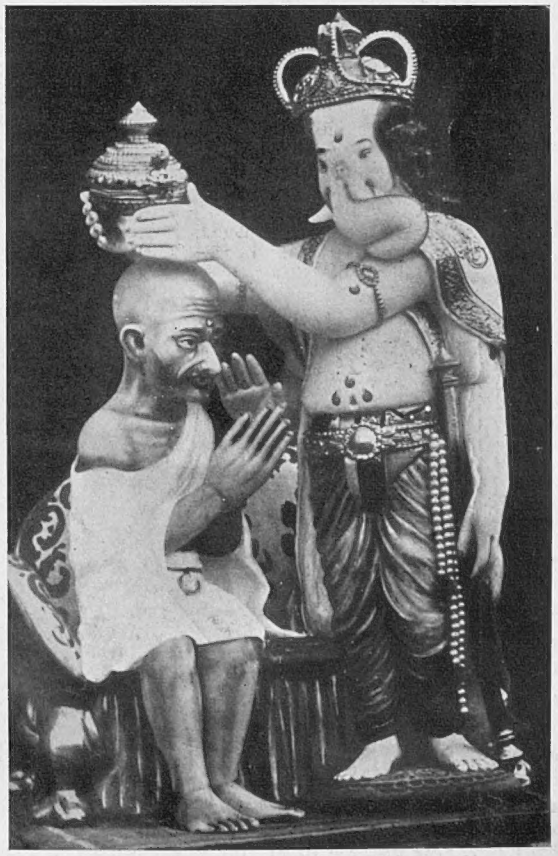
STRATOSPHERICAL REVELATIONS were made by Professor Piccard at a gathering at the Palace of Academies at Brussels. King Albert, Prince Leopold, Cabinet Ministers, and leading scientists were present to hear the results of his second essay

THE AMERICAN LEGION ON PARADE: Forgetting for a moment their discussions on the question of bonuses, members of the American Legion held a convention in Portland, Oregon

AMERICA'S NEW POLO GROUND on Governor's Island was the scene of a game between Governor's Island team and the Long Island Whips after the formal dedication. The field is a memorial to the late Colonel Willis V. Morris

IRELAND AT GENEVA: Mr. de Valera (who created a sensation by criticizing the League) at the table with Baron von Neurath, Signor Aloisi, M. Paul Boncour, Sir Eric Drummond, and Sir John Simon

THE CAPTAIN COOK MEMORIAL, unveiled in Christchurch, New Zealand, by the Governor-General, Lord Bledisloe. The memorial was presented by Mr. M. F. Barnett. Mr. W. T. Trethewey was the sculptor engaged

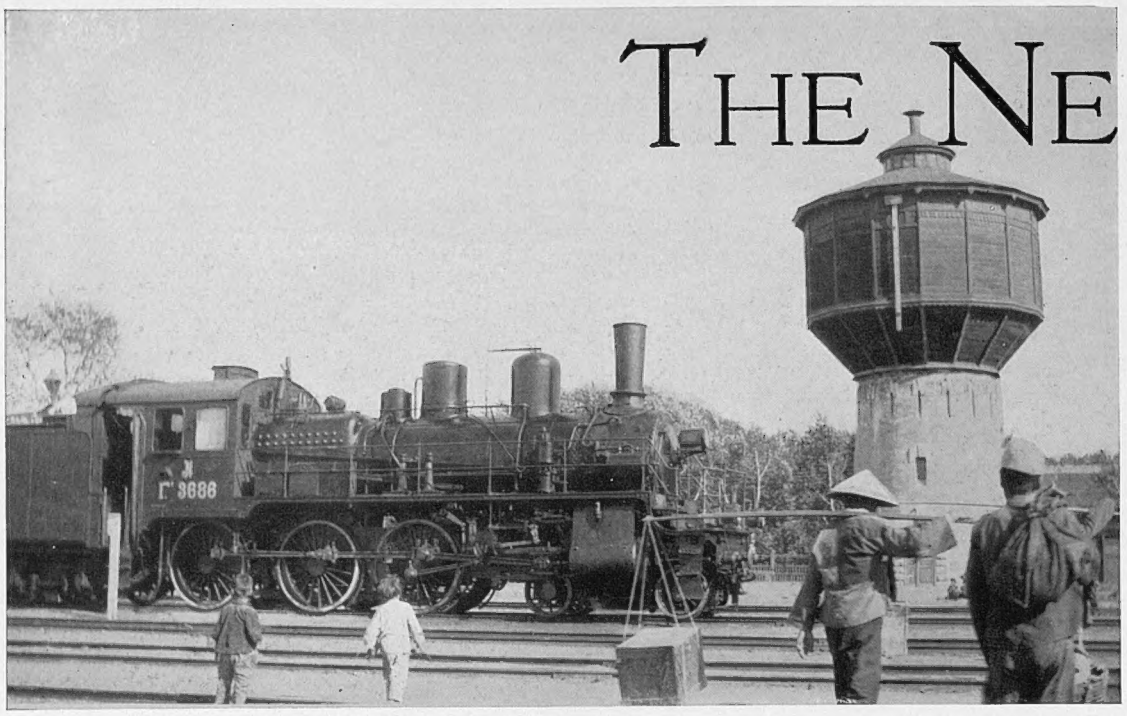


IN INDIA'S PANTHEON: Gandhi has been invested with divine honours in these little idols on sale at the festival of the god Ganesh

THE NEW REPUB

The Origin, the History, and the New Japanese - created out of the Ma

By Lieut.-Colonel



TWO STAPLE INDUSTRIES OF MANCHUKUO are seen above—the modern Japanese commercial effort symbolized in the railway and the age-old Manchurian trade of brigandage epitomized in the *mise-en-scène*, for this was the point—Shuan Cheng-pu—where a train was derailed by bandits and its 600 passengers robbed. This particular railway line is in point of fact Chinese, not Japanese

Manchuria, the Eastern breeding-ground of conquerors and brigands, may well prove to be the Sarajevo of the post-War world. Renamed Manchukuo, it now attracts at once, for the sake of one victim of its lawlessness, the eyes of all the earth; and, for its potentialities, the eyes of high diplomacy. Buttressed on Japanese bayonets, the new State is unquestionably the least known of all the vitally important nations of to-day.

For Manchuria is not—in fact it never has been—China. It was against the martial inhabitants of this State that the fifth wonder of the modern world was reared—the Great Wall that runs for hundreds of miles along its southern border. It was from this alien *terrain* that the dynasty of victorious invaders swept over the peaceful Yellow Empire, to establish itself triumphant for nearly three centuries upon the Dragon Throne. It is, perhaps, scarcely realized that Manchuria was the home of the Manchus. It is certainly unknown to the majority of people that Manchu is a language of its own.

In the years between 1644, when the Northerners usurped dominion over the four hundred millions of humanity that formed the Celestial Empire, and 1907, five years before the dynasty perished of its own inherent decadence and corruption, Manchuria was never ruled as a portion of the Chinese Empire; it remained a particular perquisite of the reigning house, and owned the sway of a Manchu general. So sharp in fact, was the division between China and Manchuria that, until 1905, the Chinese were excluded from the northern appanage of the rulers. Only in 1907—a bare quarter-century ago—was civil administration accorded to it in place of the military dictatorship which thitherto had been its portion. In that year it was put upon the same administrative footing as China itself.

Manchukuo is, as may be gathered from the interest that highly intelligent people—the Japanese—are taking in it, something of a plum. Hedged about by its Wall, the country is, by its wealth as yet undeveloped to the point of virginity, an orchard at whose fruits many nations have cast their eyes. Most notable of these are the three abutting on to it—Russia from the west, China from the south, Japan from the east.

From 1644 until 1894–5, Manchuria was in the position of Carlylean bliss—"happy the nation that has no history." Then the Sino-Japanese War broke out, and the victorious nation was given Southern Manchuria in addition to an indemnity. Fearing an active and rising power in the East, however, France, Russia, and Germany urged Japan to cede her control, and the Chinese leased the territory to Russia—a proceeding which ultimately precipitated the Russo-Japanese War of 1904–5, when the rights of the Land of the Rising Sun were restored to her, with the benefit to the "conquered" province of the investment of 2,200,000,000 yen within her borders and a friendly, efficient, and business-like nation at her back. The money was sunk in all manner of works—railways, ports, mines, sanitation, education—and loans to the Chinese Government! In view of the fact that this money has almost entirely been invested since 1912, during which two decades China has been in complete chaos, the stupendous productivity of the country and the efficiency of its backers are alike attested beyond possibility of cavil.

For in 1912 the Empress Dowager Lung Yu signed the deed of abdication in favour of the Emperor Hsuan Tung, known nowadays as Pu Yi, who was then but six years old. The deed, drawn and presented to the Dragon of China by Liang Shi Yi, a distinguished scholar of Canton, and a trusted official under the Manchu dynasty, established Manchuria as a source from which the ex-Imperial family should draw a large portion of its "retirement" revenue—emphasizing anew the close association between the Manchu dynasty and the land from which their forefathers derived.

In 1922, Manchuria declared herself independent, but she might have spared her breath to cool her porridge; on various occasions subsequently she has asserted her independence, but no nation accepted her statement. Manchuria, in fact, was out of the news until the *soi-disant* "Tiger," old Chang Tso-lin, a General and War Lord of the old traditional Manchurian school, loomed up first in 1920 and subsequently during the Civil War of 1927. Chang Tso-lin was the real type of War Lord. He was by turns pro-Japan, anti-Japan, anti-Russia, pro-Russia, and again anti-Russia. He hoped to establish himself in China, and might conceivably have created a new Manchu dynasty, but he was driven out by his rival, Wu-Pei-Fu, and retired to his own province, where he lived the life for which he was fitted—war and brigandage on the grand scale as Governor-General—until he died in the spring of '28, and his son, Chang Hsueh-Liang, took over.

The regime of the Changs, father and son, was deplorable. Civil officials, military officials—neither were disciplined, neither were honest, and it was, nominally under the rule of Chang the Younger, that the "incident" of September 18, 1931, was perpetrated. This "incident" consisted of a group of soldiers from a depôt near Mukden demolishing a section of track of the South Manchuria Railway—Japan's greatest work in that country. The Japanese railway guards retaliated despite being outnumbered, and drove the major portion of Chang's army down the Peking-Mukden Railway towards Shan Hai Kuan, where the Great Wall forms the Great Divide between China and Manchuria.

His army disbanded, the government of Chang Hsueh-Liang collapsed of sheer inertia and inefficiency; later self-governing associations were established in the principal cities to maintain (if possible) a semblance of law and order.

JAPAN'S CREATION: The public square in Dairen, a superb though very modern city created largely through the money and energy supplied from the Empire of the East

It must be realized that, while it is true that Japan may be, to a certain extent, self-seeking, and aiming at once at self-aggrandisement, and the obtaining an outlet for her surplus population, she was well within her legal rights to take a strong stand. She had suffered far more than any other country from the foreign boycott and general nationalistic feeling that have dominated China for some years: there has been constant interference with the rights of her nationals in many spheres of industry and commerce, and, in particular, her carefully defined treaty rights have been flouted.

In 1905, after her victory over Russia, Japan was granted the right to control the South Manchuria Railway, and she was ensured a monopoly of traffic in that area. It was explicitly laid down that no parallel or competitive railway should be constructed. Within recent years, however, no fewer than three lines—one from Mukden to Kirin, one from Koupangtse to Tungliao, and the Peking–Jehol–Taonan line—have all been completed or proposed under Chinese inspiration. Protests were vain waste of pen and ink, interest on Japanese loans lapsed, and increasing numbers of Japanese nationals were robbed of money, and not infrequently of life itself.

CHANG TSO-LIN, the late war-lord of Manchuria. A man of no education, he yet had first-class brains and a very strong character and, until he came south of the Great Wall, might well have established a new Manchu Dynasty in the Northern province of Manchuria

HSUAN TUNG, of coming the head chukuo, returns kingdom but the the deed

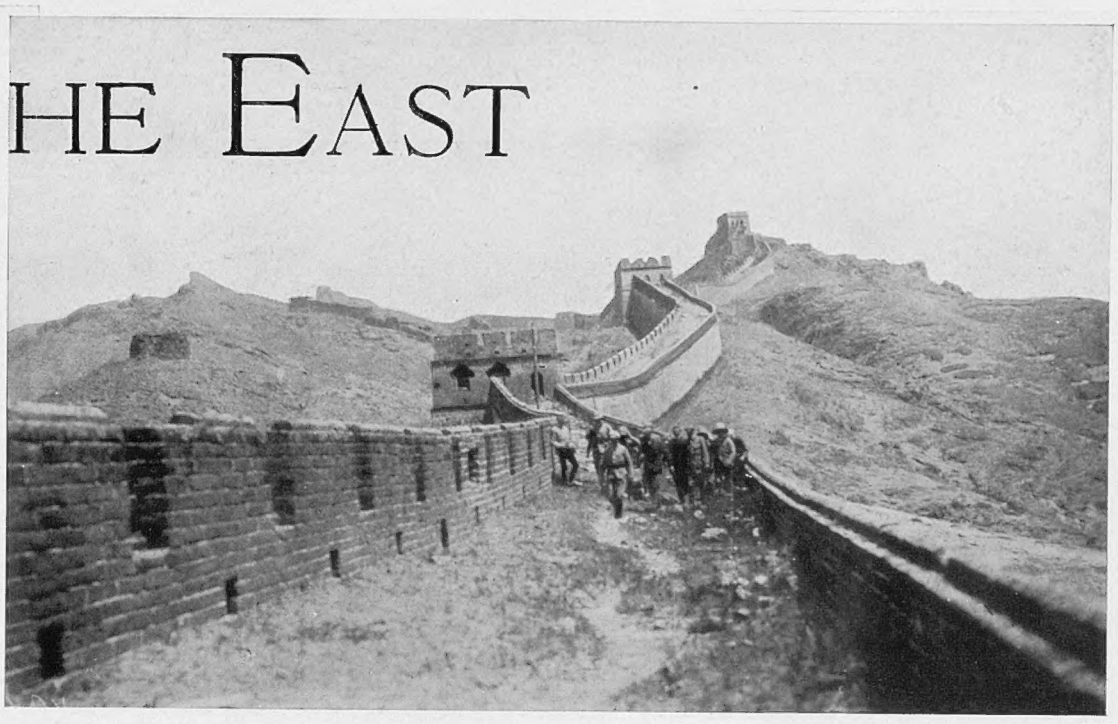
Ultimately, on February 16 of the current year, the Chang Government, having proved unstable to the point of dissolution, and the temporary methods of provisional governments valueless, leaders of the latter held a convention in Mukden, and it was definitely decided to create and establish a new State. Many of the delegates to the Convention were Chinese magnates of that exalted character which evoked the saying, "the word of a Chinese is as good as his bond"—a type hitherto conpicuous by its absence in general in Chinese as in

MANCHUKUO: A sk that make

...LIC OF THE EAST

...the Prospects of Manchukuo, ...State which has been Formed ...churia of Yesterday

J. E. STEWART



THE GREAT DIVIDE: A section of the Great Wall, erected primarily to keep the Manchurians out of China. Policy also dictated the astonishing regulation that the Chinese, even under the Manchu Empire, should not emigrate to the north. The Great Wall is to-day in decay and is valueless for defence. Furthermore, the modern trend is against isolation

Manchurian public life. The entrance into public affairs of this superbly moral type augurs well for the future of the new State.

On March 1 a sub-committee appointed by the Convention made a declaration establishing the new State, to be named Manchukuo. This embraces the four provinces, Mukden, Kirin, Hei Lung Kiang, and Jehol—the last named having been created by the Nationalist Government of China so recently as just four years ago. March 1 bids fair to be to Manchukuo what July 4 is to America, for it was on that date 288 years ago that the Manchu dynasty was established at Peking.

Two weeks later a Note was sent to seventeen countries inviting recognition of the new State and asserting that the Government would (a) discharge treaty obligations of the Chinese Republic; (b) would respect "the acquired rights of the people of foreign countries within the limits of the State of Manchuria"; and (c) would faithfully adhere to the traditional policy of "the Open Door." Hitherto,

...wise Pu Yi, who, in be... ...the new State of Man... ...rule not only his ancestral ...tory guaranteed him by ...Manchu abdication

CHANG HSUEH-LIANG, the ex-war-lord of Manchuria. Though adequately educated, he had neither the native genius nor the force of character of his father, and now dispossessed of his nominal Governor-Generalship, is little more than a large-scale brigand

the only country to accord recognition is Japan. On the part of Nippon this is but a formality, for without her Manchukuo would have proved as still-born as the other "independent Manchurias" established, solely by their own decrees at odd intervals throughout the last twelve years and she perforce had to give recognition to her own creation.

...map of the four provinces ...the new State

It is high time some definite control were exerted on Manchuria. At present, she is, perhaps, the most chaotic section of the entire Orient. Her finances are in so parlous a condition that Mukden dollar notes of the value of one-sixtieth of the Mexican dollar (barely over ¼d.) were to be found in December, 1930, to the number of 1,180,000,000 in Mukden Province alone. Then, in fact, the farmers were enjoined by the Chang Government to sell for notes to a government department which sold the produce thus acquired to foreign merchants for gold! The total number of Manchu dollar notes in circulation not two years ago was nearly twenty-three thousand millions, printed on what were really mobile mis-Government printing presses, and it is the duty of the new State, to which it is squaring up manfully, to achieve the gradual redemption of this "waste paper." A Central Bank for this purpose is under consideration at Chang Chun, now renamed Hsinking (New Capital)—the word "king" being the equivalent of "capital," as in Peking, Nanking, etc.

The signs for the future, on the basis of pure finance, are healthy. The revenue is estimated at just under 70,000,000 Mexican dollars; the expenditure 87,000,000—a deficit very small in these days of slump and deficit in established nations.

It was not, however, finance that was the main trouble with old Manchuria or even with modern Manchukuo; it is its staple industry—brigandage. From the days of the XVII century, the country has been recognized as the home of brigands. The Russian fur traders who penetrated into the North turned brigand, and these fair or florid men gave their name—Hung Hu Tze (Red Beard) to the race of brigands. The term in China to-day is a synonym for "bandit."

To-day, the land is aswarm with them. In 1930 it was estimated there were 57,000 bandits in Manchuria, but to-day the disbanded armies of Chang Hsueh-Liang are swelling their ranks and bringing to the irregular forces the arms of the regular army. The immigrants from China—gold-miners and lumber-men—are usually of the reckless type who will turn to brigandage when times are hard, as they usually are; and the younger sons of the farmers do a little brigandage between seed-time and harvest—and between harvest and seed-time.

Just how vital and how tragic the problem is may be dimly appreciated by the case of Mrs. Pawley and Mr. Corkran.

A strong campaign is being undertaken against the bandits, to which end Japan has increased her army within the new State from 10,000 odd to 90,000 odd of all arms. It is hoped, after the harvest of Kaoliang (sorghum), the staple crop of the country, which, growing to a height of 10 ft., affords excellent cover for the bandits, that even swifter progress than hitherto may be made.

The new State is fortunate in the extreme in three ways. Her first Premier, Cheng Hsiao Hsu, is a poet as famous in China for his calligraphy (which ranks him as one of the greatest of living Chinese artists) as for his writings. If fact he has sacrificed a large income derived from his calligraphy to accept the premiership. Though not a Manchu — he is a native of Fukien Province—he has close ties with Manchuria, for he was tutor to the Manchu ex-Emperor. In all fluctuations that have swept the Ultimate East, his loyalty to the Manchu has never wavered, and he has been able to surround himself at Chang Chun with a Cabinet of scholars, for it is only on education that such appointments are made in China. Scholarship alone commands that respect which enjoins obedience.

His one-time charge, Hsuan Tung or Pu Yi, the direct heir of the Manchu dynasty, has been established as the life-long chief of the new State. Japan has ever looked kindly on the ex-Emperor, and has now brilliantly seized the long-hoped-for opportunity to establish him in a position worthy of his heredity. He will have—again happily organized by Japan—his old tutor as his Prime Minister.

It is, after all, only right that Pu Yi should go back as the head of Manchuria. It is, primarily, his patrimony; secondly, its revenues were guaranteed to him and his house after the Revolution of 1912—a guarantee never for one moment honoured. He has thus a double right to the territory. That he owes it to Japan is not to be wondered at, for only Japan gave him sanctuary when he barely escaped with his life from the hands of the Christian Bolshevik, General Feng.

Finally, Manchukuo has the most dominant nation of the Orient at her back. It may be said that Manchuria is being exploited by Japan, but a stagnant, undeveloped land of brigands and soldiers—the terms are almost synonymous in China—should be glad to be rid at any cost of the curse of her existence; exploitation were a small price to pay for deliverance from the irregular military. The exploiter—if exploiter be Nippon—must inevitably put in for many a year far more than she will get out; and finally, it is only with the aid of some powerful nation that the thrice-asserted independence of the area will ever become a *fait accompli*.

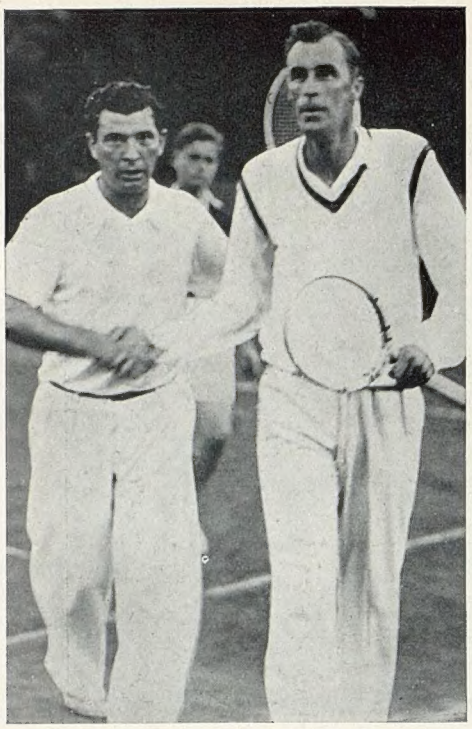
So stands Manchukuo to-day, trembling in the balance. Under Japanese inspiration a Commission of Inquiry was sent from Geneva last spring, a Commission composed of members appointed by Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and the U.S.A., with one assessor from China and another from Japan, the publication of whose findings is eagerly awaited. Japan guarantees the external security of Manchukuo. Japan is striving to extirpate her Old Man of the Sea, the military, and instal the policeman in his place—a much higher type in the Far East.

Should Manchukuo succeed she will be a supreme inspiration to the teeming millions patiently enduring misgovernment on the southern side of the Great Wall, loathing the foreigner from whom alone can come their help. A successful Manchukuo will shatter that insularity, and bring renewed hope to China.

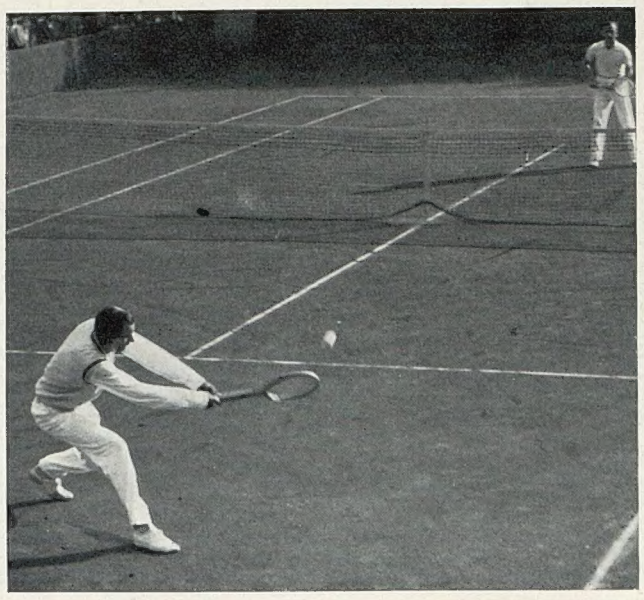
If Manchukuo fail—who shall say what will happen in the martial tinder of the Orient to-day?

IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: The South Manchuria Railway Hotel at Mukden. This Japanese-controlled line maintains a chain of these luxurious and modern hotels throughout its length

LATE WORLD NEWS

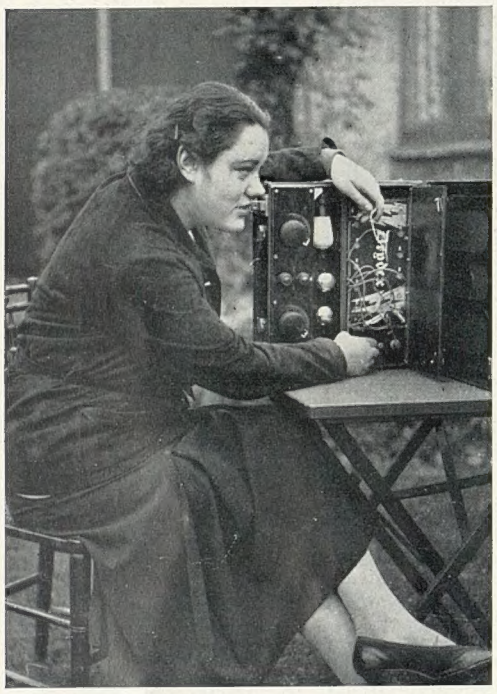


BIG BILL BEATEN: W. T. Tilden has been beaten in Berlin by the young French professional, Marcel Plaa, by three sets to love



BIG BILL BEATS: A fine action study of Tilden defeating Ramillion at Berlin-Grunewald. The American crack succumbed to Ramillion's countryman

THE STRAIN OF VICTORY: Marcel Plaa collapses on the bosom of his wife and a friend after his unexpected victory



A GOLFING RECORD was set up by Miss Pauline Doran when for the third consecutive year she won the Girls' Golf Championship

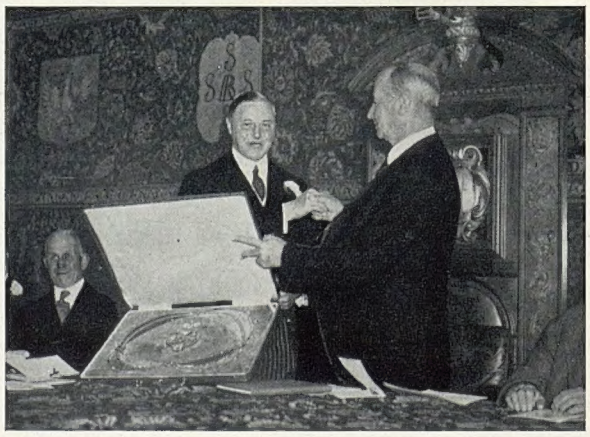
TEN AND EIGHT was the margin by which T. H. Cotton defeated A. Perry in the £1,040 Professional Golf Tournament at Moor Park. The victor is seen above

THE FINAL OF THE *NEWS OF THE WORLD* TOURNAMENT was played off between Cotton (Langley Park) and Perry (Leatherhead)

OPENING GLOUCESTER'S NEW AERODROME: Colonel the Master of Sempill knocks on the doors of the hangar at Gloucester

Sasha

FIRST NIGHT SAVOYARDS: Mr. Richard Collet, Miss Nellie Briercliffe, and Sir Henry Lytton at the opening night of the new D'Oyly Carte season



LONDON'S NEW SHERIFF: Alderman Sir Harold G. Downer (*right*) hands over the chain and badge, and congratulates the Sheriff-elect, Mr. W. Lacon Threlford, at Girdler's Hall

MISS GRACIE FIELDS sings into the "mike" at the Chelsea football crowd. Her vehicle was her famous film song, "Sally"

A GREAT LOVE

IN THE TAJ MAHAL: After the death of Shah Jehan, in 1666, he joined his beloved "Lady of the Taj." Beneath the cenotaph pictured above, in a room below, lie the actual remains of Shah Jehan, while on this beautiful cenotaph inlaid with precious stones that lie beneath the main dome is inscribed, "Saith Jesus—This world is one hour, give its minutes to thy prayers; for the rest is unseen"

THE PALACE OF THE SCINDIA FAMILY, the rulers of Gwalior. This stately white building contains many objects of unusual beauty and also the largest chandeliers in the world in the Durbar Room—50 ft. wide and 100 ft. long with a 60 ft. ceiling

THE LAUGHING LION OF GWALIOR: This comical stone carving was discovered in the Gujari Mahal in Gwalior, but Mr. Paul Hoefler, the leader of the Asiatic Expedition, comments that they could not discover what it was laughing about. It has a most romantic history probably and is amused that nobody can figure it out

PAUL L. HOEFLER, the leader of the Expedition, and his brother Dudley lean against the past and discuss the future. "That India has been dead more than a thousand years we both agreed, for the smell proves it. That the future will see it again a power or even a runner-up, we doubt, for the climate itself is an unconquerable enemy that will never allow the people of India to rise from their age-long lethargy"

THE NEWEST INDUSTRIAL ARCHITECTURE: The new refrigerating plant at Tel Aviv is to preserve the orange crop of Jaffa. It is designed in the latest architectural mode

DREDGING HAIFA HARBOUR: This harbour work is now being pressed on in order that by next year the harbour will be able to accommodate big liners of 30,000 tons

A MODERN OIL WORKS: The Shemenor works of the Palestine Oil Company's works at Haifa are also designed on very efficient lines

A NEW SOAP FACTORY: Soap manufacture is one of the new industries which are being brought into being at Haifa

THE NEW HAIFA HARBOUR: An air view of Haifa harbour from Carmel showing the sea wall and land to be reclaimed

AN HISTORIC SITE MODERNIZED: A flying boat of Imperial Airways alights on the Lake of Galilee

A NEW PORT for the NEW JERUSALEM

In 1922, on behalf of the Government of the Mandated Territory, the Crown Agents for the Colonies commissioned Mr. Palmer, now Sir Frederick Palmer, K.C.M.G., to report on the question of the construction of a harbour for Palestine, and after a thorough investigation along the coast, his report was submitted in July, 1923. In June, 1927, it was decided to adopt Mr. Palmer's recommendation, and to construct a harbour at Haifa, roughly estimated to cost £1,000,000. Messrs. Rendel, Palmer, and Tritton were appointed consulting engineers for the works. The engineers at once sent out a survey party to survey the coast of Haifa, both land and marine, to make sea borings, to ascertain the rock formation, and to investigate quarry possibilities. As a result of this survey and certain elaborations of the original plan, the estimate for the works was increased to £1,250,000 when the final plans were prepared by the consulting engineers.

In February, 1929, it was decided to carry out the works, and the Haifa Harbour Works Department was at once organized. It is estimated that the present stage of development of the harbour will be completed by 1933.

The town of Haifa is situated on the southern shore of the bay of Acre, and the roadstead in which vessels at present calling at the port lie at anchor is well protected from the south and the south-west by Mount Carmel, the western extremity of which rises rapidly to a height of nearly 1,000 ft. On the northern slope stands the town with its railway station and jetty.

The main breakwater of the new harbour will, when completed, be about 1·5 miles long, and will continue the northern line of shore near the point, Ras-el-Kerum, and run in an easterly direction roughly parallel with the town front. It constitutes the largest item of cost in the works, and involves the deposition of some 800,000 cubic yards of stone. It is formed of natural blocks of quarried stone, graded according to size, the largest, some 12 to 15 tons, being placed on the seaward face. Already practically the full length has been constructed, comprising about 770,000 cubic yards of stone, and a monthly output of 58,000 cubic yards has been attained. The stone is placed in position by a specially-designed pillar crane, capable of handling a load of 15 tons at a radius of 60 ft. All but the largest stones are tipped from steel skips, lifted bodily from the railway wagons on which they are brought from the quarries. A certain amount of the smaller grades of stone forming the core of the breakwater is deposited in advance of barges.

Provision is being made for a deep-water berth, 1,300 ft. long, to accommodate three or four steamers, and a quay, 950 ft. long, for lighters. The wharf wall and lighter quay wall are to be built of concrete blocks, 5 to 7 tons in weight, on the sloping slice-work principle, capped with mass concrete. A start was made on a central abutment of horizontal coursed blocks, from which the slice-work was continued in both directions by two 8-ton cranes travelling on the wall itself. Where the area to be reclaimed is not bounded by the block walls, it will be retained by rubble dykes. The western dyke has already been constructed for some 900 ft. of its length.

The harbour will be capable of accommodating, at moorings to be provided, a liner of 30,000 tons, the largest calling at Haifa during the tourist season, which will then be able to disembark her passengers within the shelter of the breakwaters.

The dredging will necessitate the removal of over two million cubic yards of material, mainly sand, in deepening the harbour and reclaiming the area along the shore. In view of the large quantities of natural stone used on the works, the quarries form one of the most important scenes of operations. They are situated on the sea-coast near Athlit, about ten miles south from Haifa.

The discharge at Haifa of one branch of the Iraq oil pipe-line is now assured, and, it is reported, this will have a maximum capacity of 2,000,000 tons yearly. A concession for the abstraction of salts from the Dead Sea is being developed. An estimate of a minimum of 1,000 tons of potash per day from Haifa has been given. Regarding the fruit trade of which the Jaffa orange is one of the principal exports from Palestine at the present time, estimates based on the areas on which groves have been planted show a possible development from the present maximum annual export of 2¾ million cases to over 9 million cases within the next ten years.

MEN OF TO-DAY

Both Young and Not so Young

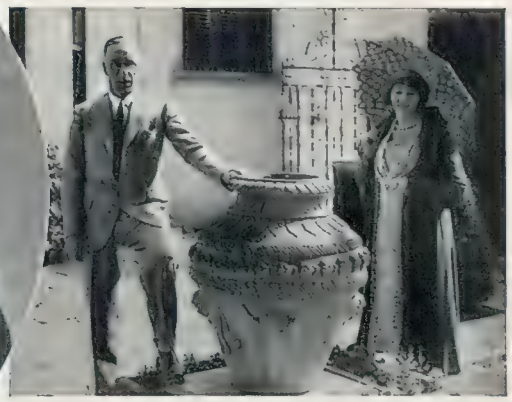
EX-MAYOR WALKER, having resigned office as a protest against the alleged partiality of the Seabury investigations, solaces himself with a game of shuffle-board on a holiday cruise to Europe

JACK HOBBS besieged by autograph hunters and junior cricket enthusiasts at a cricket match organized at Merton Park in aid of the Wimbledon and Nelson Hospitals. Hobbs is going to Australia, but—alas!—only as a newspaper correspondent

SIR ROBERT HOTUNG, one of the greatest of Chinese financiers, has arrived in Berlin, where he is to establish contact with the Finance Ministry

JUDGE SEABURY, who conducted the case against Mayor Walker, has paid a visit to London, where he denied the rumour that he is to stand as mayoral candidate for New York at the new election

PRINCE MICHAEL OF ALBA JULIA, heir to the Rumanian throne, is at last paying his long-promised visit to Princess Helena in Britain. The Prince will find this country in no way strange as he has been brought up by his mother on English lines



MR. WARWICK DEEPING, the distinguished author whose book, *Sorrell and Son*, is something of a modern classic, is here seen with Mrs. Deeping at his country home, "Eastlands," at Weybridge

MR. MAXIM GORKI, the distinguished Russian writer and propagandist, is here seen on the balcony of a sanatorium in the Grünewald district of Berlin, where he is staying at present. His health for a long time has proved delicate

MASTER AND MASTER: Ruggiero Ricci, the Italianate American boy from San Francisco who, at the age of eleven, has created a sensation by his mastery of the violin. He has just made his first European tour

HERR GERHARD HAUPTMANN, the great German living classic of letters, welcomes at the Adlon Hotel Mr. Adolphe Menjou, the Don Juan and Beau Brummell of the screen, on the latter's recent visit to Berlin

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OUTSIDE THE LEAGUE: Brazil is one of the great States outside the magic circle of the League of Nations. The picture shows Rio harbour when the eleven Italian machines landed on the water after their formation flight under the command of General Balbo, now Italy's representative at Geneva

A LEDGER of the

Success and Failure, Pro and Con:

We may hear all sorts of reasons why this institution should go, but the real and basic one is that a powerful group of nations has long since concluded that Geneva is nothing less than an organism for keeping things as they are, indefinitely, in a world which for them must move if national aspirations are to be realized. Mandates have not circulated; territorial travesties have received no attention; there has been neither disarmament nor economic welding; nothing really worth while has transpired in the fashioning of a fairly-constructed and satisfied international company. Instead, the League has been the symbol of States which have attained their maximum development and know it and mean to remain put, using Geneva. So say the malcontents.

In May of 1920 I climbed the hill of the Capitol, in Rome, to witness the second meeting of the Council of the League of Nations. There have since been, I believe, about eighty others. Telling the story of unique years, Mr. Balfour represented Britain that early day when the war mentality still saturated all. Indeed, few of the correspondents had journeyed specially to Rome to interpret the agenda of the incubating international organism. Where this latter wasn't openly pooh-poohed, it was considered a likely peril to application of the victors' Treaty and on that account to be as far as possible ignored. The Ambassadors' Council, succeeding the Supreme War one, was everything in that day. The League wouldn't last. So said Americans, who had cut adrift after fathering the infant, and so agreed many Allies, Italians, and Japanese with the others. Mussolini was editing a paper. Tokio was quiescent. As for the rest, Germany, the remnants of Austria-Hungary, the beaten foes in general, were entirely inarticulate and non-present on the map. Russia, also, was absent. The pronounced absenteeism made of this Wilsonian conception of an all-puissant tribunal sitting beneath a brotherhood-of-man coat of arms inscribed "Fiat Justitia" should the heavens fall, something for easy scoffing.

The majority of the correspondents had come to Rome to write about the canonization of Joan of Arc. I think the League was going to concentrate on the Aaland Islands. Perhaps Nansen was going to have a say, too, about refugees and prisoners of war. Even at that moment a war was either under way or about to begin between Poles and Bolsheviks. Yet the League could do nothing about that, as, alas! it has been unable to do anything about much else in the same line since. Instead—the minor things occupied the new and greatly-heralded organization. Islands in the Baltic. One laughed on Capitol Hill, was more interested in Remus and Romulus. So this was the mighty League—in action! Perhaps if one heard in mitigation, "It's the only thing we've got out of the War—let's give it a chance, anyway," that was as much as one heard.

The League had the poorest beginning, and now that thirteen years after we are in danger of losing it, a first reflection is surprise that Geneva has survived as long as it has done. The very fact of one school wishing it to be a super-State, and another desiring to withhold all authority, might have been calculated to shatter things. And then there were Russia and America out of it, even definitely hostile. And others seeking to use the League as an implement, purely and simply, of the Treaty which had given it birth.

That was perhaps inevitable. What we did not suspect in distant 1920 was how soon the beaten or dissatisfied lands would brace themselves anew for action. What has now supervened, crystallizing more each day, is but the logical sequel to that which was signalled three years ago when Europe showed itself as splitting into two camps: those in favour of maintaining the status quo and those determined to wrench free of it. Mussolini writes in this respect, "It is a dangerous illusion to think that one can hold up the course of history. It is not possible to define the road of to-morrow by clinging to that of yesterday." To which we know all too well what others answer. That they must be guaranteed their security, reposing on the existing territorial order, before they agree to disarm. Impasse resulting. Deadlock so long-drawn out and seemingly insoluble that at last the strain is growing too great. And the result is the offensive against the League.

PERSONALITIES AT GENEVA: Mr. Snowden, then the Iron Chancellor, bidding *au revoir*—which turned into *adieu*—to MM. Cheron, Briand, Loucheur, Moreau, and Pirelli

Now the idea is that a collection of the principal countries are going to quit unless a complete change comes over the spirit of Geneva. Italy, Germany, Hungary, Turkey, Austria, Japan, are said to be contemplating re-signing membership. Did they go, and with Russia and the U.S.A. still out (also Brazil and Costa Rica), obviously henceforward it would be a case of half a League. It is doubtful if the organism could be kept going at all; whether it would be worth while; whether it might not become rather in the nature of a challenge to the ring without. Those who bleat about cost would also become strident. Probably the trained personnel, disheartened, would tend to disintegrate in the wake of the retiring Secretary-General. A blight would settle on lac Leman from which there could in all likelihood be no recovery. The social services might be kept going as a nucleus still holding together the nations—that is one suggestion already made—yet the cessation of all political activities, the stopping of the clock to which we have grown so accustomed, the return to pre-War understandings and arrangements, not to say alliances, the reversion to Reval meetings and Algeciras conferences (a lot of use they proved!); the ensemble opens up a vista not lightly to be accepted.

PRO: The late M. Aristide Briand, the late Herr Stresemann, and *(below)* Mr. Kellogg, three of the greatest workers for the ultimate peace of the entire world

"IT HAS BROUGHT THEM ALL TOGETHER": The concept originating spirit, the la

SUCCESS: The less powerful States, such as Serbia (Jugoslavia), one glimpse of which appears above, can be, and are efficiently controlled by the League—no mean achievement in view of the fact that many wars started in the Balkans

Would there be more danger in such a return to the past than lies in a continuance of the League's efforts to ward off the war dogs?

That is the question which many must be studying to-day.

Admittedly the League has failed greatly in more than one field, yet that may have been in no small degree because of the tremendous faith placed in it without reference to our carrying over into the post-War period of so many of the precise causes of the conflict. An essential is to keep a just balance of what Geneva has done and has not done, or has actually made worse.

Quite true, nobody could yet declare the League capable of stopping a major war—it may prevent a pair of Balkan neighbours pretending to go to war, but it appears

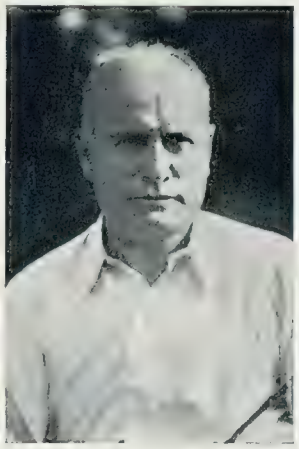
LEAGUE, 1920–32

Cast by FERDINAND TUOHY

OUTSIDE THE LEAGUE: In addition to Brazil and Costa Rica, the United States is, on the American Continent, one of the non-League members—something of an irony, as it derived purely from an American inspiration. The U.S.A., however, frequently participates *ex-officio* in the deliberations

powerless before a Japan—yet there is a definite feeling that the League with its adjunct, the World Court, would successfully act as a brake where none existed in 1914 and when we slipped at lightning speed at the last. No less so, the League acts as a focal point for the whole will to peace which is augmenting despite symptoms in one or two lands vexed, perhaps rightly, about their lot. If Geneva died there would be no concentration point for this widely expressed sentiment. So far the League has intervened in no fewer than thirty political disputes some of which would undoubtedly have conducted to hostilities in a past epoch; and the fact endures that whatever have been the alarums and excursions, we have got through thirteen of the most difficult years in history without serious bloodshed yet.

Another charge against the League is that it has done nothing in the economic field. As said before, "the League" can do nothing. The States themselves must do it. The League provides the machinery, the giant dossiers, the mise-en-scène, the personal contact. It was asked to provide such a quartette in an Econor ..



Herr Hitler, an almost fanatical revisionist, Signor Mussolini, who heads the *anti status quo ante* party in Europe, and *(below)* a delegate from Japan which disregards the League

ANTI nations in being beneath the aegis of its now passed President Wilson *(above)*

Conference in 1927. It did so. Recommendations made were unanimously approved by all Governments represented But nothing was done about them. And the scoffers restarted scoffing: what was the use of maintaining an organization "at great cost to the taxpayer" when nobody paid heed to what emanated therefrom?

In passing, the cost question may once again be dealt with at its proper worth. Lots of nations don't pay, and something should be done about that, but the whole cost of all League organizations is about a million and a quarter sterling per annum, and the world is spending £800,000,000 in armaments in the same period. An eight-hundredth part of the war bill; that is what the League costs approximately. Our share might equal the cost of one cruiser overhaul. If the League is to be torpedoed, let the thing be done at least sanely, and may there be an end of this perfectly infantile "cost" indictment. Already this year, as a result of a British intervention, economists have been pussyfooting round Geneva impairing the efficiency thereof by lopping off a pound here and a pound there.

FAILURE: Japan nearly proved the rock on which the League came to wreck; for her strong stand on national, as opposed to international interests in the Manchurian dispute suggests to the world the impotence of Geneva against major States

Charges against the Geneva edifice which are more worthy of consideration are (a) that the League *is* being employed, whether deliberately and intentionally or no, to maintain a static political situation that appears to be against the play of post-War forces; (b) that the League *is* apt to operate as an undesirable magnet for all manner of complaints and grouses, claims and general parade of trouble, which otherwise might not see the same publicity and perhaps for the greater comfort of the world, seeking to do too much all at once; (c) that, under the auspices of the League, precious little has been done that is vital in the way of engendering disarmament, and that until something is done Geneva must be reckoned a dangerous dud rather than a healing boon.

Geneva has a good answer to (c). If the League is not yet an adequate stopper on war, it has done every blessed thing that its States-members have thought of and decided on—that it should effectively become such a stopper, and it only asks said members to put more possibilities in its way. The League can only be what its members bestow upon it; in criticizing "the League" people are largely criticizing themselves. The League tried the Protocol of mutual aid eight years ago. Something of the kind may have to be reverted to now for disarmament to go through. Why blame the League, meanwhile, as an institution? Something in the nature of clearly laying it down that "the Kellogg Pact has changed the doctrine of neutrality and war, henceforth illegal; has ceased to be the concern of warring nations alone, but has become the concern of the whole world, which must denounce and treat it as wrong-doing" (Mr. Stimson last month). Something like this may have to be restated in the law of nations, and none would welcome the occurrence more than "the League."

Turning to the more obvious credit side, membership has increased from forty-two to fifty-six States, and Russia and the Americans are among the keenest attendants at Geneva, if in unofficial capacity. The "Optional Clause" making for the settlement of all disputes by arbitration is now in force between thirty-nine countries, though only nineteen have signed the "General Act." In emergency and relief work, the checking of slavery, the dope traffic, and that in women, in preventing the forging of currency, in securing freedom of transport by land and water, in simplification of passports, cheques, customs laws, in safeguarding the world's health as this has never before been attempted, in successfully presiding over the launching of the Mandates system, in the bringing together of all the world's leaders at Geneva, the League has done work apt to be lost sight of beneath the disarmament cloud and beside the perpetuation of high tension in Europe—a tension, be it remembered, due largely to the world slump for which the League can be held in no way responsible.

The League's Labour Bureau has, moreover, saved things from getting lower by preventing the employment of women and children by strict watch over abuse of the working class in many lands—abuse which must have meant strikes and trouble. On the other hand, there is criticism of an international body interfering over insurance matters, as it now proposes to do. Finally, the League has become the reference library for the world on current matters, and who shall say that such a clearing house of practical knowledge of our neighbours is not necessary if there really is anything in the oft-heard assertion that we must learn to live together or perish?

The anti-League leader is indubitably Mussolini, come denial on denial from Rome. The Duce hardly seems to believe in pacification and internationalism. Rather does he swear by recurrent violence and by the individual assault of the nation in politics and commerce. He is a more formidable foe of Geneva than are the Junker Barons of the Wilhelmstrasse, for he rarely now does anything in the way of a gaffe. Possibly an Italian might be chosen as successor to Sir Eric Drummond—that might tide over things temporarily, since great is the desire for prestige, with Fascism.

(Continued on p. 34)

DELEGATES TO THE LEAGUE: The late M. Briand with Herr Schobert of Austria on his right and "Uncle Arthur" Henderson on his left. Extreme right is Dr. Curtius; extreme left, Signor Grandi

THE WHIRLIGIG OF LONDON LIFE

COMPLETED AT LAST: "The Hub of the Universe"—*i.e.* the focal point of London—is now finally completed, for Eros has returned to Piccadilly Circus and after much delay work has come to its end on the setting for the delightful statue

WESTMINSTER'S NEW MODEL FLATS: Some seven acres of land adjoining the scene of the floods of 1928 are being developed by the Westminster City Corporation in conjunction with the Duke of Westminster. Model flats to the design of Sir Edwin Lutyens are being run up. When completed the estate will consist of 600-odd flats varying in capacity from two to five rooms which will let at rentals of from 4s. 6d. to 16s. 6d. per week. They will first be offered to those who lost their homes in the floods

BOTTLED WITH BRANCHES: Canadian produce bottled straight from the trees for exhibition purposes here seen being unpacked at the Surrey Commercial Docks

NEARING COMPLETION: South Africa House, the new home situate in Trafalgar Square of the High Commissioner for the Union, is fast approaching completion. It adds greatly to the impressiveness of the Square

THE TEA-SHOP TWINS: Miss Violet and Miss Ivy Peebles, who started as "Nippies" in 1924 and are now creating confusion in a City branch of Messrs. Lyons owing to their amazing likeness

CENTENARIANS MAKE THEIR DEBUT: "James" and "Amelia"—two giant tortoises brought from the Aldabra Islands by H.M.S. *Effingham*—have taken up residence at the Zoo. Amelia is seen above making her first bow to the public. The giant tortoise is one of the longest-lived animals extant

A FIREMAN'S UNIFORM OF 1803 exhibited in Cannon Street, at the anniversary exhibition of relics of the Great Fire (September, 1666). A heavy coat lined with red flannel, plush breeches, and a slate hook were crowned by a top-hat, the helmet being of later date

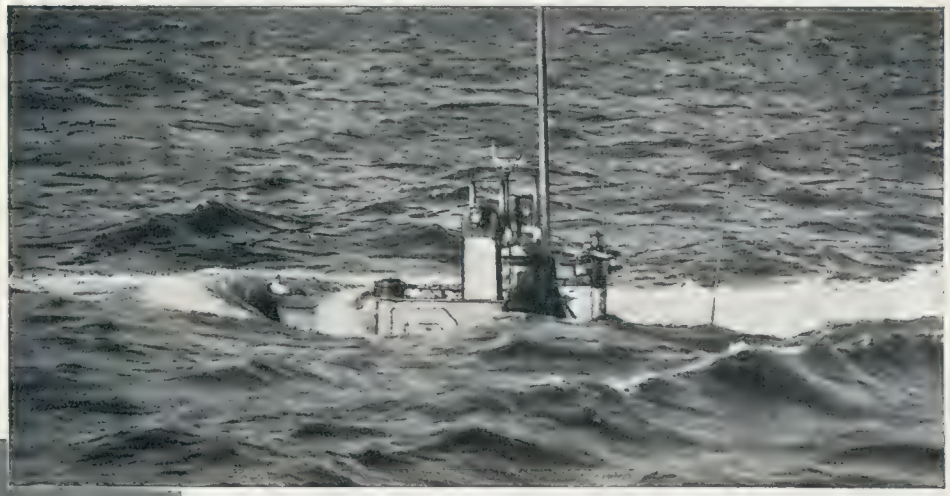
BARMAIDS OF FIFTEEN NATIONS will serve at the "All Nations" bar at Murray's Club. The room is divided into sections, each representing a country

TREASURE FROM EGYPT: The fiftieth anniversary of the Egyptian Exploration Society occurs this year and a special exhibition of their most precious finds is being held at the British Museum, privileged visitors to which are seen above

NAVAL AND MECHANICAL NEWS

"THE TORTURE CHAMBER": The breath exhaled by a worker at high pressure is collected and analysed in a special room at the School of Hygiene, Gower Street, the purpose of the analysis being to improve conditions in many varied fields of labour

H.M.S. *DUNDEE*: A new sloop just launched at Chatham Dockyard. This is the fourteenth ship of this class to be launched since 1928. H.M.S. *Dundee* and her sister ships have a speed of 16½ knots and a tonnage of 1,100



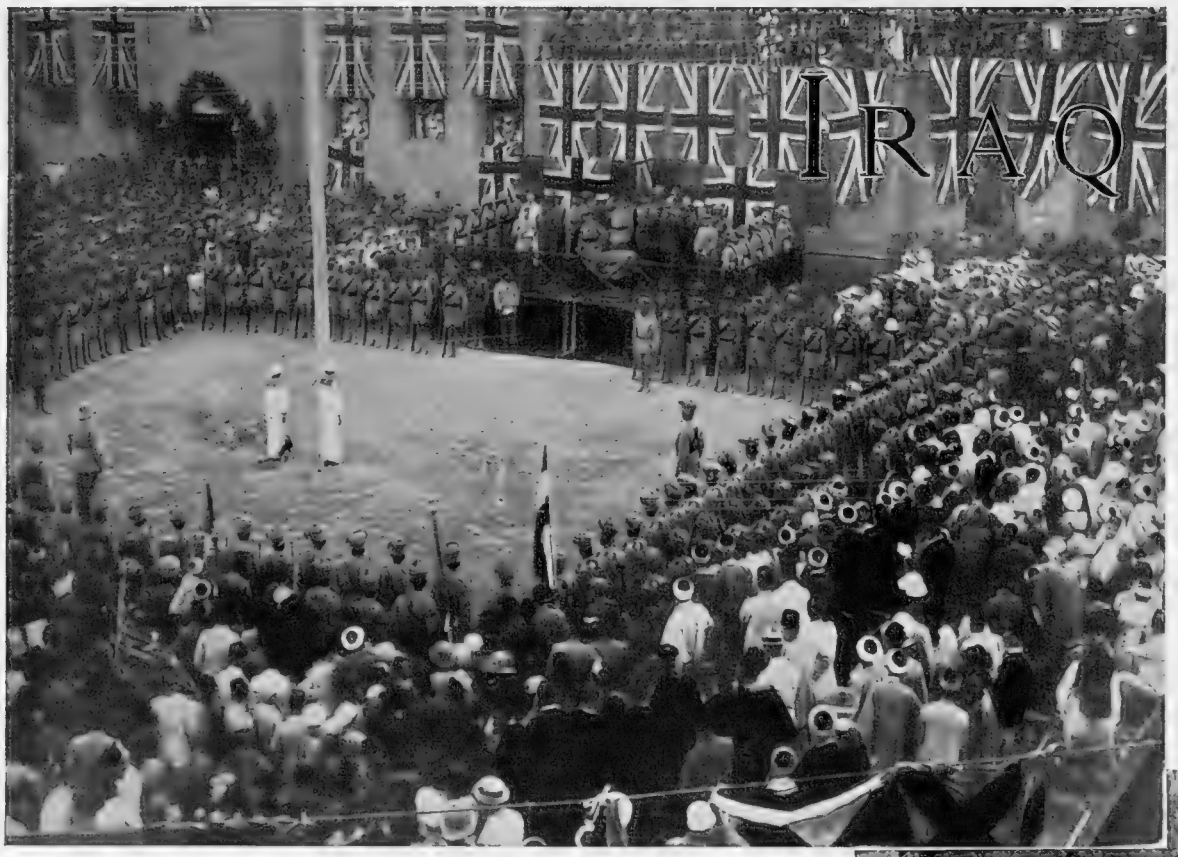
AMERICA'S NEW SUBMARINE, U.S.S. *Dolphin*, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. She is absolutely up-to-date, being of the largest V type, and is capable of 18 knots on the surface

A GULL'S-EYE VIEW of the 140-ton gateway to the Royal Albert Docks being put into position—a task carried out by the London Mammoth Floating Crane from the top of which this unusual action picture was taken

FIGHTING FOREST FIRES BY WIRELESS: Portable radio sets broadcast the news of any outbreak in the national parks of the U.S.A.

THE RADIO BOY installed as a functionary on the L.N.E.R. Anglo-Scottish expresses. He supplies passengers with headphones at 10d.

AN INDIAN EXHIBITOR at the Hairdressing Exhibition at Olympia is Mme. Moyna, who owns a beauty parlour in Calcutta and is seen above trying out the Nestlé electrical drying apparatus



ARMISTICE: Proclamation of the temporary cessation of hostilities with Turkey, made in Baghdad on November 3, 1918—although peace was not signed until 1923. General Marshall is seen in the centre of the platform

BECOM

Twelve Years of the By

SEPTEMBER, 1932.

By the end of this month, or at any rate in the first days of October, Iraq will have been elected a member of the League of Nations and the British mandatory regime in that country will have come to an end.

To the mass of the British people this consummation seems to have been too long in materializing. For the opinion, derived in the main from the "popular" Press, still prevails that in Mesopotamia we have spent millions of pounds and have sacrificed hundreds of lives—and all to no purpose. The feeling is that we ought to have concentrated on interests nearer to the heart of the Empire and to have evacuated Iraq once we had beaten the Ottoman Empire there, years and years ago. Such critics of British policy in Iraq have, however, never suggested exactly when we ought to have scuttled out of Iraq, nor have they reflected on the important consequences which such an evacuation would most surely have entailed. It was enough for them, and it has always been enough, for they chose not to fortify their sentiments with study of the facts, that British money was being spent on a country outside the British Empire, and that, of all places, in the "swamps and deserts" of Iraq.

But with this aspect I will deal later.

Primarily this decision of the League of Nations, which, of course, is acting upon the recommendation of Great Britain, the Mandatory Power, to accept Iraq as a member of the League, is important to this country because it implies that Great Britain's twelve years' stewardship in Iraq is terminated. But before assuming or asserting that British obligations in Iraq are actually ended, jubilant critics of the mandate should study the terms of the Anglo-Iraqi Treaty of 1930 which, as a result of Iraq's becoming a League member, is now to come into force. They will find therein stipulations for the retention of the Royal Air Force in Iraq, a retention which may be mainly for the purpose of preserving the unsurpassable training ground that Iraq is, but which also takes into account the possible necessity of defending Iraq from danger, the needs, that is, of Imperial strategy. For, as I shall hope to prove, it is strategical reasons that have dominated British policy in Iraq—reasons beside which mere calculations of "material" gain have a certain air of fallibility or even irrelevance.

Arab territories of the Ottoman Empire in Allied hands.

Now, Mesopotamia has never been popular with the British public; it has been "nobody's child." The truth is that it never had a fair start. For, owing to the preoccupations of British statesmen with Europe and America, effective peace with Turkey was not made until 1923, at the Treaty of Lausanne. This fact, that we were still nominally at war with Turkey during the years 1918 to 1923, is generally ignored by critics of the Iraq Mandate, who recall only the expenditure that it entailed.

THE ACCESSION OF KING FEISAL, 1921: Sir Percy Cox, British High Commissioner (in white), Sir Aylmer Haldane, British C.-in-C. (in khaki), the Nizab of Baghdad reading an address, and King Feisal (seated)

The Importance of Precedent

Internationally, this ending of British mandatory obligations in Iraq is of importance, because it creates a precedent for the termination of other mandates. The essence of this mandatory system is for civilized Powers to lead peoples that have not reached the stage of being able to govern themselves to such a plane of development as will enable the League, which in the first place granted the mandates, ultimately to pronounce that such backward peoples are now able "to stand alone under the strenuous conditions of the modern world." The mandates were divided into categories "A," "B," and "C" respectively. Those in class "A" comprised the mainly Arab territories of the old Ottoman Empire—Iraq, Syria, and Palestine (with Trans-Jordan)—and they were, of course, the nearest to self-government. The conditions of Iraq's entry into the League will doubtless be studied eagerly by the two other mainly Arab States—Syria and Palestine—which for special reasons, on which I cannot touch here, have been left behind by Iraq in the race for self-determination.

CURIOSITY: A friendly Kurdish tribe investigates an R.A.F. 'plane. The Kurds form a problem as yet unsolved by Iraq

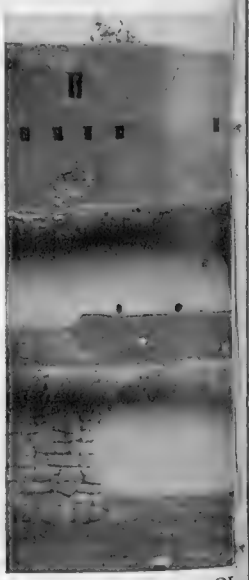
THE FIRST TRAIN TO PASS THE HINDIYAH BARRAGE: King Feisal at this ceremony cut the tape held by Mr. Henry Dobbs. The late Miss Gertrude Bell is seen in the background

War and Peace

It may be convenient here briefly to sketch the history of Iraq since the War. In the first place, it must be remembered that a cardinal feature of pre-War Imperial policy was to keep the road clear to India. Hence, for example, the activity of our Navy in the Persian Gulf; hence the measures taken to prevent the famous German *Baghdad Bahn* reaching that Gulf. A friendly Turkey before the War was a bulwark to our Eastern Empire. When Turkey declared war, therefore, it was essential that the head of the Persian Gulf should not be utilized by the enemy. How our Expeditionary Force to Mesopotamia (which, in addition to securing a strategic object, also had the aim of making safe the oilfields of Southern Persia for the Navy) was drawn, or rather had to fight, ever northwards into Iraq, is a matter of history. The Armistice arrived with the greater part of the more civilized

Question of Evacuation

Mr. Bonar Law, who wished that we had never gone to Mesopotamia, once said plaintively that we could not be policemen of the world. That phrase has been quoted again and again by the "popular" critics of Iraq. They do not, however, quote what this Prime Minister said in a debate in the House of Commons in February, 1923, upon the desirability of getting out of Iraq, "bag and baggage." Mr. Bonar Law said, and it was a tribute alike



A STRONGHOLD OF ... is a thorn in the side ... are Orthodox. Mu... arms. This village is

ES A NATION

British Stewardship Comes to an End at Beginning of October

KENNETH WILLIAMS

AIR SURVEY WORK BY THE R.A.F.: An overhead view of Baghdad looking north. The Residency is the large rectangular building on the west bank of the river

to his honesty and to his recently acquired knowledge of the facts, "Whatever the reasons that induced us to go to Mesopotamia, the fact that we have been there six or seven years must bring in its train certain obligations which no country would desire to get out of, if it is possible to avoid it without losing the good will of the people whom you have left."

Actually, it was possible at no time after the War to evacuate Iraq without (1) leaving the "rescued" Arabs helpless against their returning masters, the Turks, and (2) leaving the way to the Persian Gulf and hence to India open to a combination of Turks, Russians, and Germans. In other words, had we scuttled out of Iraq, we should have shirked the plainest moral obligation to the people whom we told, during the War, that we were delivering from the Turks; and we should, from the strategical point of view, largely have nullified the whole tragic and gallant campaign in Mesopotamia. First anarchy, and then the occupation of this Middle Eastern territory by our enemy, would have ensued. The question is, therefore, not so much what material good the Empire has derived from its sojourn in Mespot, from 1914 to 1932, but rather what moral and strategical hurt would have been done it had evacuation taken place in 1918 or 1919.

Great Britain as Mandatory

But to return to the chronological record. For two years after the Armistice, Iraq was governed by a direct, British-conducted Administration. No policy was laid down by Whitehall for the guidance of those on the spot, and the air was full of uncertainty. No wonder, then, that a large garrison had to be preserved in Iraq, or that Turks and malcontent Arabs should be actively intriguing against the occupying Power. In the circumstances British officials did amazingly well; had they been given the chance that Cromer and his subordinates were given in Egypt, Iraq might now be on the way to becoming, in material wealth, another Egypt. However, after the Arab revolt in 1920, the British Government adopted a new policy: that of governing Iraq by means of the mandatory system. A native administration was set up, and in the following year a "constitutional monarchy" in the person of Feisal—who had fought with "T. E. Lawrence" in the Hejaz—was established. A façade of democratic institution was installed, and a few years later Iraq was rejoicing in a full-fledged Parliament.

Together with the introduction of all these processes of Arab self-government and the increasing westernization of the country, there went a progressive reduction in British military expenditure. It may be worth pointing out that the greater part of the millions which critics allege to have been wasted in Mespot (and there was waste) was incurred during the early years, notably during the rebellion of 1920. For the last few years there have been no troops in Iraq paid for by British money except the Royal Air Force—which would have to be paid for wherever it was, and no training ground is comparable with Iraq—and the Assyrian levies which have guarded the aerodromes.

Ewing Galloway

BEARING THE BURTHEN OF IRAQ: A wood carrier in a street of Baghdad. Despite the rapid Occidentalization and modernization of Mesopotamia, many of the primitive modes of life persist

Despite the execrations that were indulged in at home, and also by extremist Arab agitators, this British policy of training up an infant Arab State into nationhood was steadily adhered to. For some time, indeed, there were difficulties on all sides of Iraq. The Wahhabis of Nejd were hostile, the Turks on the north were active in fomenting trouble, and the numerous Persians resident in Iraq caused great friction between Iraq and Persia. Overhanging all, moreover, was the uncertain fate of the Mosul vilayet. This problem of the Turco-Iraq frontier became so urgent that a League of Nations Commission was sent to decide it. In 1925, the Commission reported, given certain conditions, in support of Iraq's thesis. A year later Turkey accepted the loss of her former Mosul vilayet. Since that time she has been on the best of terms with Iraq.

But the Nationalist propaganda against the presence of the British continued unabated. A new attempt to define Anglo-Iraqi relations in 1927, in the form of a new Treaty, failed of ratification in the Baghdad Majliss (Parliament). In 1929, however, a decisive move was made, on the advice of Sir Gilbert Clayton, who died just before the step was announced. This was that the British Government should unconditionally recommend Iraq for admission into the League in 1932.

To prepare the way for such a final settlement a fresh Anglo-Iraq Treaty was necessary, in order that there should be no doubt on what were to be the future relations between the British Empire and King Feisal's State. This was negotiated in 1930. It is claimed that in it all essential Imperial interests, which pertain chiefly to the continued integrity of Iraq—a buffer State on the way to India, and to the freedom of the Imperial air route to India—have been preserved.

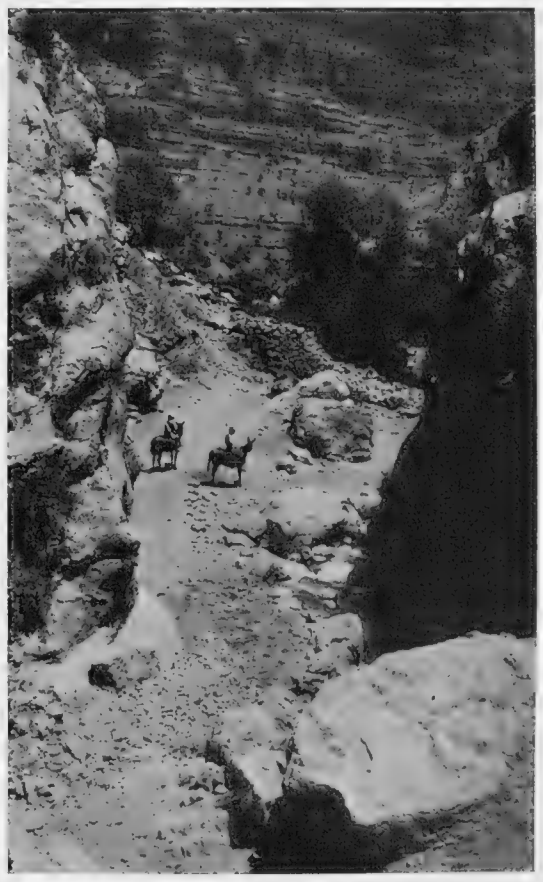
KURDISH JUDAEA: Kurdistan, given to Iraq at Versailles, of the new State as it was to the Ottoman Empire. Kurds lim or Jewish, and all are pastoral or agricultural. All carry built into a mountain overlooking the new road north of Mosul

The Future

At the moment all looks well on the whole for Iraq. With all her neighbours she has signed, or is shortly to sign, Treaties of Friendship. When the bitterness that has existed at different times during the last dozen years between Iraq and the Wahhabis, the Turks and the Persians, is remembered, this complete change in the atmosphere of foreign relations is something of which King Feisal and his Ministers have a right to be proud. Nor has less success attended the difficult problem of oil concessions in the country. Two large concessions have been awarded, first to the Iraq Petroleum Company, and secondly to the British Oil Development Company. The I.P.C., as is generally known, is now in process of laying down its long pipe line from the oil fields to Mediterranean ports in Palestine and Syria respectively.

The future of Iraq holds problems which she has yet to solve; most urgent, perhaps, is the problem of her Kurdish population in the north. Properly handled, this is by no means insoluble, and if, by an increasing process of autonomy, Kurdish mistrust of the Arab is softened, there should be a magnificent future for this northern vilayet, which contains the most varied soil in Iraq.

Great Britain, it may be argued, has generally satisfied the dictates of honour, has secured her prestige in the Middle East, and has adequately safeguarded her Imperial strategical interests.



POLICED BY THE R.A.F.: A picture which gives some idea of the difficulties of terrain surmounted with such brilliance by the Air Force. The horsemen form an escort for an officer on reconnaissance

AUTUMN ARMY MANŒU

BRITAIN — Major-General Sir John Capper inspects the first Tank Brigade at Tilshead, Salisbury Plain, when some 250 were on parade. A moment during formation drill appears above

BRITAIN — The "Flag Ship" of the Third Battalion of the Royal Tank Corps is here seen leading her "fleet" across Salisbury Plain to attack an artillery base. Note the neglige uniform

FRANCE — M. Paul Boncour, Minister of War, at the test of the new anti-aircraft devices at the Champagne manœuvres. *On right,* an off duty incident

BRITAIN — Tanks on the move across Salisbury Plain

FRANCE — One of the armoured cars used against airc

The mechanized arm has figured very largely in the 1932 manœuvres. Before going into action the tanks assembled at Silk Hill for inspection by Earl Stanhope, Under Secretary of State for War. Accompanied by Brigadier Laird, the Tank Brigade commander, Lord Stanhope made his first acquaintance with the light tanks of latest design. During the last few days the tanks have been ploughing through seas of mud, but the Under-Secretary of State found everything spick and span. Reconnaissance and delay of a hostile advance and an attack in co-operation with other arms were the lessons set in the battle practice. The exercise had a fourfold object, one being the landing of a Tank Brigade during a flanking movement directed against the enemy's communications.

The French Army's annual manœuvres began in Lorraine last week under the direction of General Gamelin and in the presence of General Weygand, Chief of the General Staff and Inspector-General of the Army. Though on a less extensive scale than in former years — only three divisions were employed—the manœuvres were not without importance, as they were designed primarily to test the possibilities of motor transport and mechanical warfare.

The reduction of the number of men is a consequence of the Government's inde with efficiency in the fi was supervising the ex "In modern war," he quiries as to the whe tions in the fighting Some of the spectat explanation and orga war. M. Paul Boncour

UVRES OF THREE NATIONS

FRANCE

A group of poilus on manœuvres near Rheims enjoy a well-earned breather in the shelter of a haystack

GERMANY

Camouflaged tanks of considerable size and weight form the subject of the latest German military experiment

GERMANY

President von Hindenburg surrounded by his staff and foreign military attachés at the autumn manœuvres taking place in the vicinity of Frankfurt-on-the-Oder. The tanks are covered in cardboard instead of steel, according to the Versailles Treaty

nst aircraft attack

's undertaking to make economy compatible n the fighting services. General Weygand, who the exercises, was delighted with the results. r,' he observed recently. 'In answer to in- he whereabouts of the two 'armies,' "opera- ghing line should be practically invisible." pectators, however, refused to accept this d organized a systematic search for the sor our was eventually discovered.

GERMANY

Members of the Reichswehr take a respite during manœuvres

President von Hindenburg, attended by his son, Colonel von Hindenburg, was again with his troops "in the field" when he attended the autumn manœuvres of the German Army which are now taking place in the Frankfurt district on the river Oder. Interest is lent to these manœuvres by the fact that Germany is not attending the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, and that these are the first manœuvres held for a long time owing to economic reasons, but as Germany has determined to re-arm in spite of the Peace Treaty, military manœuvres will be held each year, whatever the cost. Forbidden by the Versailles Treaty to arm, the heavy manœuvres were this year carried out with tanks armoured in cardboard, but with the same ingenuity shown against the Napoleonic veto—only a short term army was permitted, but new recruits were enlisted, given intensive training, and disbanded to make way for a new batch, until the whole country was capable of bearing arms—Germany has practised this year the art of camouflaging her armoured cars with an ingenuity eclipsing her former efforts.

★ ★ PLAYS of To-day

By PHILIP PAGE

Sasha

MISS RITA LISLE in one of the super-creations in *Words and Music*, the brilliant Noel Coward revue presented by C. B. Cochran at the Adelphi Theatre

Douglas

MISS ROSALINDE FULLER — a new portrait shown at Prince's Galleries recently

Elwin Neame

MISS DIANA WYNYARD who has registered a triumph for British women on the screen by being selected to play the leading part in the film version of *Cavalcade*

The only clumsy thing about the new comedy at the Globe Theatre is its title. *Will you love me always?* suggests the interrogatory farces of the long ago, such as *Are you a Mason?* and *Did you ever send your wife to Camberwell?* But it did not for a moment suggest why it should have been chosen as a vehicle for the exquisite art of Miss Yvonne Arnaud. It is neat—dreadfully and mechanically neat—but it is like some perfectly-balanced piece of machinery which is not properly set in motion. And it is as cold as steel—dull steel.

There must be some considerable treasure in the Hungarian theatre (this piece is from the Hungarian of Emmerich Halasz), for English managers are always digging about to find it, and spending, I imagine, much treasure in the process. A profitable "from the Hungarian" play is about as elusive as the gold candlesticks hidden on Cocos Island.

How much money, I wonder, have the plays of Molnar cost London managers? And Molnar does not stand alone. I am afraid that *Will you love me always?* is not likely to make a fortune for anybody, which is a pity, since it is presented by Miss Arnaud's British husband.

The rise of the curtain was accompanied by much gramophonic gaiety. The lilt and intoxication of the Viennese waltz have rarely been represented by anything so little suggestive of an orchestra, and Miss Arnaud, who is a musician, must have been tortured by those strange noises if she was not too intent on her part, and on other first night anxieties.

Waiters and champagne bottles were visible in that private room of a smart restaurant into which waltzed Miss Mary Glynne, looking adorably pretty, to be kissed passionately by Mr. David Horne, as a composer of genius. They decide to live together "in sin," and I could no more believe that Miss Glynne (the very embodiment of attractive virtue, with that tiny touch of primness that adds to the attraction) could live "in sin" with anybody than I could believe that Mr. Horne composed music.

These two are, however, merely comic relief. They had, poor souls, precious little with which to be comic.

'COUPONS"—BUT NOT FOR KISSES! Miss Phyllis Monkman and Mr. Laddie Cliff in a comedy sketch at the Winter Garden where *Rhyme and Rhythm* is proving a great draw. The husband is smoking himself to death to get a gramophone on cigarette coupons

With the entrance of Miss Arnaud and Mr. Austin Trevor we are on more serious ground, for marriage is discussed. Nothing permanent, since this is intended to be a comedy that is gay, light-hearted, and rather daring. They propose a marriage for two years only, the sort of temporary union which, in his infinite wisdom, Lord Russell (the Bertrand Russell one) suggests would be an awfully good thing for the undergraduates and undergraduettes of our English universities.

A glance at the programme shows that the next act takes place two years later. The very slightest acquaintance with the habits of dramatists is sufficient to let one realize that the couple have really fallen in love with each other, and do not want to part at all. In fact, they do not part, though at the end of the play Miss Arnaud gives the young man who adores her a hint that his passion is not hopeless.

So this silly couple might have gone on squabbling and sentimentalizing for another half-dozen acts had such been provided. In this respect, however, Herr Halasz was merciful.

Miss Arnaud simply cannot help carrying the audience with her, even when she is allotted the part of an unconvincing baggage in an unconvincing play. Her brains and her broken English strove hard to make us believe that this calculated give-and-take of dialogue was wit; but the odds were heavily against her.

It was quite a novel experience to find that admirable actor, Mr. Austin Trevor, not having to adopt a foreign accent. He played the husband with the noble uprightness he showed when he played Fortinbras to Mr. Ainley's Hamlet. I have no doubt Mr. Trevor can play light comedy like an angel; it was not his fault that he could do very little with this *Will you love me always?*

Mr. Maurice Evans was natural, sincere, and wholly pleasant as the devout lover.

Had Mr. Bernard Shaw been in that vast audience at the opening of the Old Vic season, he may well have thought of W. S. Gilbert's remark that an established wit has only to say "Pass the mustard" to set the table in a roar.

Sidetracking both Shakespeare and opera for the time being, the management decided to see how the Waterloo Road would like Shaw. Not that the Old Vic audience or, at any rate, that portion of it with which I came in contact, is representative of the Waterloo Road. Those lads and lassies (for it was a very youug audience) were nice, well-fed, well-washed folk from Bloomsbury and Chelsea, and Ealing and Highgate, who had never bought stewed eels off a barrow, or sprinkled vinegar on fried fish with a scrap of newspaper as a plate, or slipped into a four-ale bar. But they swallowed their Shaw with no less avidity than that of the New Cut fancier of fish and chips.

That is largely because Shaw has now become the vogue. He may have taken more than a generation to do so. But established he is, and no critical onslaughts, whether delivered after aeroplane rides to Malvern or taxi-rides to St. Martin's Lane, can dislodge him.

Miss Arnaud in a Poor Vehicle from Hungary at the Globe : : A G. B. S. Triumph at the Old Vic : : Ambition at the Embassy : : "Grand Hotel"

Sasha
"MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN"—a picture taken during the actual performance—one of the incidents in the new Coward-Cochran revue

Cæsar and Cleopatra is neither late Shaw nor early Shaw. Nor is it particularly good Shaw. Without denying the intrinsic merits of this play or the Old Vic audience its intelligence, I am convinced that had *Cæsar and Cleopatra* been produced in this theatre some years ago it would have fallen flat.

The play has always struck me as having been written round the profile of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. Plays have been written for worse reasons than that, and there may even have been worse plays. But beyond telling a simple story well and exploiting to the utmost his favourite theory that historic characters of the remote past talked exactly as we do (or, rather, as Mr. Shaw does), *Cæsar and Cleopatra* does not go very far. Its hints at melodrama are insincere and its humour, except in one instance, verges on the puerile.

No one talks of passing the mustard, but at one moment Cæsar asks his friend to pass the dates, at which the rafters of the old theatre rang with Homeric cachinnation. When Cæsar took another handful of dates from the soldier's helmet and, as he eat them, spat the stones out, merriment lost all bounds.

"Every dog has his day," mutters Cæsar, and the serried ranks of stallites, pittites, and dress-circleites could scarce forbear to cheer this as if it had been an epigram of polished novelty and wit irresistible.

Lucky Mr. Shaw!

Eric Gray
MISS JOSÉ DALMAYNE, who lends the lustre of beauty to *Revudeville* at the Windmill Theatre

Some very good fun, however, is furnished by Mr. Geoffrey Wincott as Cæsar's British secretary, Britannus, a character with which Mr. Shaw plays the fool *con amore* and with plenty of humorous effect.

To have popped into that period a Victorian Englishman, with whiskers like a Victorian Englishman, and talking like a Victorian Englishman has the true touch of fantasy about it; for Cæsar's rage to be explained on the grounds that he is an Italian and therefore excitable, and for an amateur artist to be welcomed as such, with the suggestion that one does not meet on equal terms those who depend on art for a living—all this is in the author's best vein.

I shall never tire of Mr. Shaw's tilts at the English (among whom he elects to live) so long as they are as well done as this.

Mr. Malcolm Keen, after speaking a considerable portion of his lines right up-stage, where few people could hear him, and I, personally, could not see him, gave an excellent portrait of the middle-aged Cæsar—tired, shrewd, irritable, yet kindly.

Miss Peggy Ashcroft was a bit fuzzy-wuzzy and Honoluluish as Cleopatra, and I could not note the dignity which the part is intended to carry, even when the queen is at a petulant and childish stage. But it was a human and vital performance, and Miss Ashcroft's diction is vastly improved.

The scenery and general production were highly satisfactory. The Old Vic producers know how to get a maximum effect at, presumably, a minimum cost.

In order to furnish the latest sensation in the way of war-plays, it has been found necessary to compel us to imagine millions of those slain in France rising from their graves, greeting their relatives and business acquaintances, and telling international conferences what an utter mess they are making of post-War problems. This is a new form of Teutonic "frightfulness," and the author of *Miracle at Verdun*, is a Teuton, Herr Hans Chlumberg.

Yet this ambitious production at the Embassy Theatre is not in any sense a "frightful" play. The author, however, has bitten off far more than he can chew. The aspects of his problem are so many that they overwhelm him. What is more serious, he makes the mistake of, unconsciously, shifting our sympathy from the risen dead just at the moment when it is essential that we should retain it.

Assuming that such a miracle could happen, how can one logically blame and even upbraid the survivors of the World War for living as if miracles were an impossibility?

A man is killed and another man gets his job. What is more natural? Is the man who has carried on with that job for a number of years to hand it back to the visitor from the tomb with a graceful and grateful gesture and proceed to starve?

A war-widow remarries. Is she, after probably years of happiness, or at least settled existence with her second husband, to welcome back her first, and (as in this play) to be scolded for having remarried at all? For all that, Herr Chlumberg's play has its moments of beauty, of pathos, and of true drama. If he had attempted less he would, I think, have achieved so very much more, for *Miracle at Verdun* is a vast, straggling, and uneven business.

The cemetery scene is done decently and in order and is even impressive. The crowds in the streets buying the papers announcing that the miracle has occurred, and being preached at by priests, wild or mild, according to their point of view, have drama in their very movement.

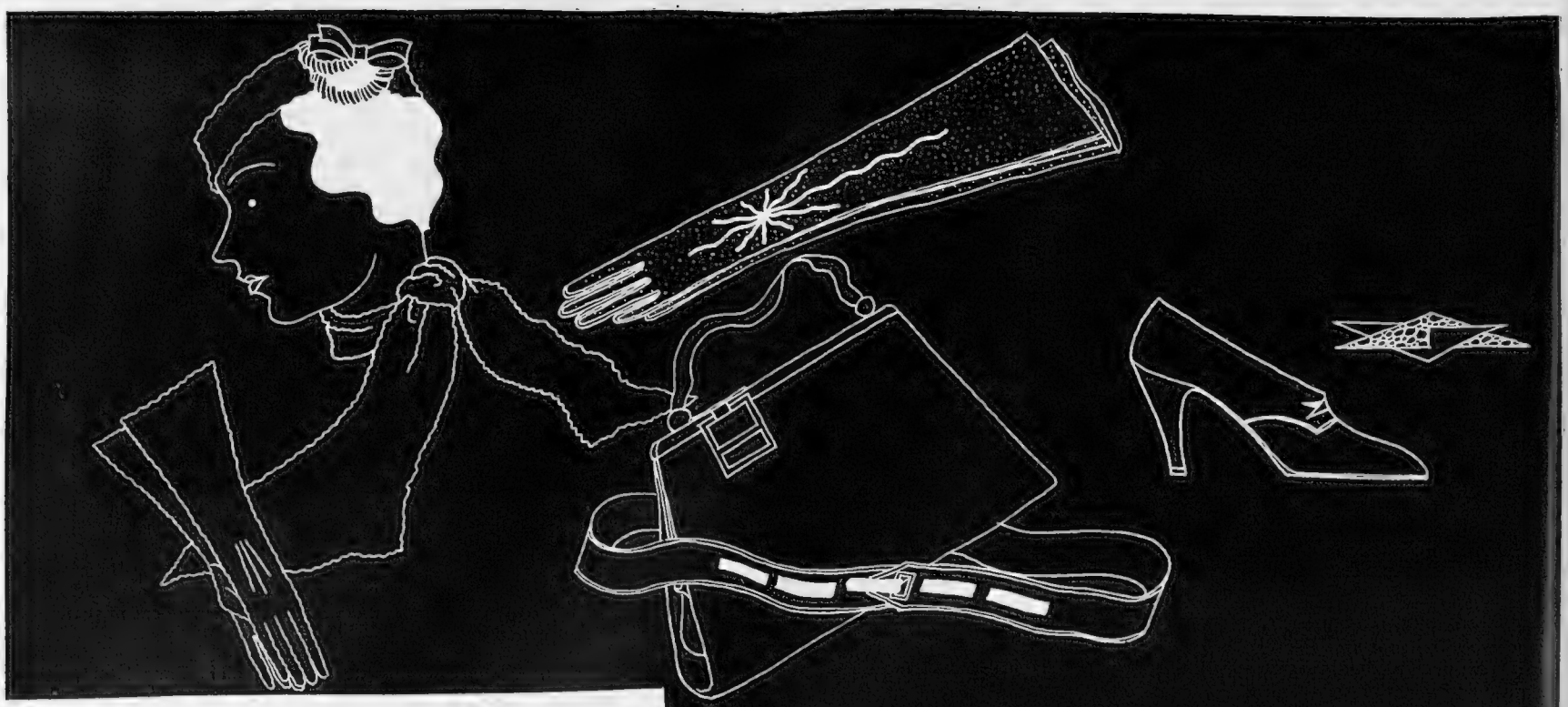
What should have been a most moving episode—the risen dead lying about near a cornfield with "To Verdun" on a signpost—went for nothing because no one in the audience could have had the least idea as to what they were talking about; this was a veritable competition in inaudibility.

Three scenes are frankly comic; if the taste is questionable, they do not jar so much as might be imagined.

(Continued on p. 34)

MISS ANGELA BADDELEY, who displays undreamed of gifts for farce in *Night of the Garter* at the Strand

MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN AND MR. LADDIE CLIFF in the coffee stall scene, in *Rhyme and Rhythm*, the delightfully unpretentious and exceedingly amusing revue at the Winter Garden Theatre. Miss Monkman makes almost as charming a "blood" as Miss Cicely Courtneidge



Morning

WITH the individualism characteristic of all good French designers the *maisons de couture* are offering a wide choice in silhouettes, taking their inspiration from extremely varied sources. For example, Jean Patou, usually the most modern of modernists, has gone completely *moyen-age* with high necklines, low waistlines encircling the hips, quite below the normal position, clinging moulded bodices and intricate sleeves with important puffings, slashings or trimmings at or above the elbow.

Schiaparelli, on the other hand, has taken the Directoire period as her inspiration with no really defined waistline. Her models accentuate the bust with yokes, draping, or surplice swathing and mould the rest of the figure in a supple, semi-fitted, flat line. Only on her separate suit skirts is there any hint of waistline and this, even, is supremely Directoire as to influence. The top of the skirt curves up at the front in a very high line reaching almost to the bust. It dips sharply at the sides and across the back, where it finds the natural waistline.

Schiaparelli's silhouette features puffed sleeves, some actual leg-o'-mutton examples, with other more moderate interpretations showing pleated or fluted top and raglan shoulders, many with capelets. Seen on this page (left to right) is a top-coat from Lyolene in natural camel's hair with a drop shoulder whose large armholes make it particularly desirable for wear over suits of the type sketched on the same page. From Maggy Rouff comes this brown wool suit, of tricot weave, loose and supple almost like a jersey. The skirt is divided, making an ideal sport ensemble. The jumper and scarf are of the same material woven in stripes of varying width.

From Vera Borea comes this suit of grey mixture with very short jacket pointed at front and back and closing at the side with a silver clip. A longer short-sleeved vest in bright green flannel follows the pointed line of the jacket. Accessories include a hat, glove, and scarf set from Agnes in silk-wool crêpe; pigskin gloves from Alexandrine; and a bag, belt, and shoe ensemble from Henry à la Pensée.

Evening

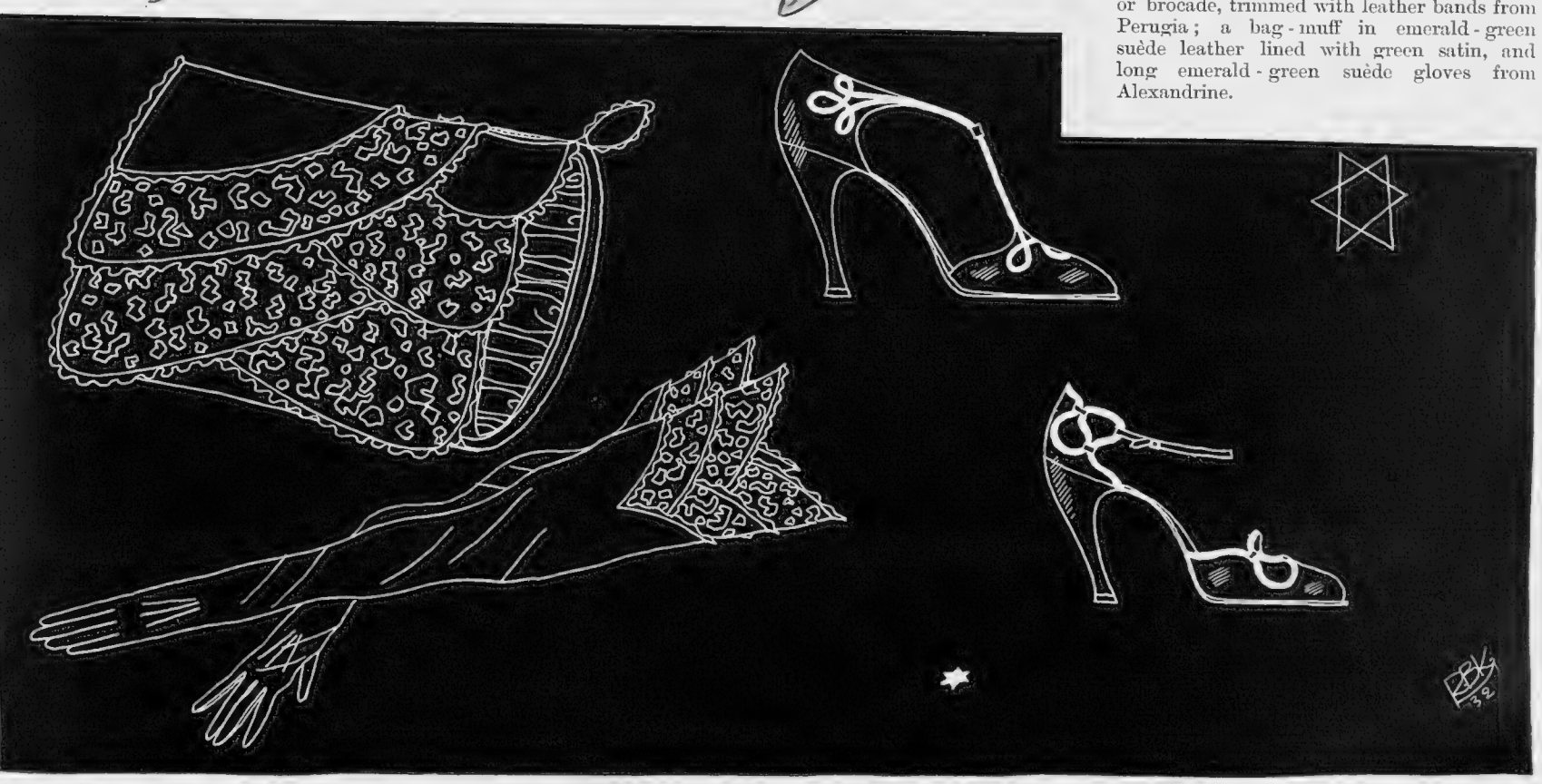
EVENING models for formal wear, dinner gowns, and dance frocks all have one thing in common this season, and that is the importance given to the shoulder and upper bodice details. Décolletages are intricately strapped and slashed; shoulder straps are often no longer straps but ropes of twisted material or even high, upstanding puffs which, by the way, are a Directoire feature.

Lelong favours a diagonal décolletage with a frill of the same or contrasting material at one side of the front. Maggy Rouff lifts the neckline in front, but drops it correspondingly lower at the back. Schiaparelli shows a waist-deep square décolletage that is appropriate to her Directoire silhouette. Chanel likes to tie bows and tabs across a back, while Patou uses a low front and back line, usually V-shaped and almost always crossed with strappings. Patou also shows capelets off the shoulders of several décolleté models. Lelong makes an interesting evening dress of black velvet with a wide square décolletage outlined by a wide band of pale pink satin. Puffed sleeves gathered into cartridge pleats at the top and bloused in at the elbow are of the same pink satin.

Seen on this page (left to right) is a black velvet evening coat from Lucien Lelong. The spiral fold starting from the shoulder, back of arm, makes the entire front of the coat. The dress, of black chiffon, has side panels back and front finely pleated and ending in double "fans" edged with white grosgrain ribbon. The sash which ties in front is of soft chiffon.

The ivory satin evening frock from Chantal has elbow-length sleeves formed of deep petals of satin headed by double rows of braided strips of satin. The corsage bouquet contains large roses in shades of deep red and violet. All the skirt fullness is drawn to the front and draped up to give a lifted skirt edge. The deep V-shaped back décolletage reaches to the waistline.

Accessories are: coloured sandals of satin or brocade, trimmed with leather bands from Perugia; a bag-muff in emerald-green suède leather lined with green satin, and long emerald-green suède gloves from Alexandrine.



UNDER THE SPELL *of the straight line...*

BY

DOROTHY TODD

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS

1 Dining-room at No. 1, Kensington Palace Gardens, London. (Wells Coates, architect.)

2 (Below) The dining-room at Hampton Seale by Oliver Hill, F.R.I.B.A.

3 (Right) Room with Thuya table designed by J. Duncan Miller.

4 (Top centre) An arresting room designed by Evans Palmer, A.R.I.B.A.

5 (Top right) Lady Mount Temple's dining-room by Oliver Hill.

6 Two photographs show a contrast between the "museum" type furnishing of a Victorian house and a contemporary treatment of the same room at No. 1, Kensington Palace Gardens. (Architect, Wells Coates.)

I am no propagandist. I happen to like the twentieth century style (style, not styles, mark you!), but he who does not may go his way; he will never alter my heart beats. This being so, I am always surprised by those animosities which the new æsthetic can, and does, arouse. When all is said and done, no man is *obliged* to buy modern furniture. He who does, presumably, likes it—so why not leave it at that?

Actually, however, issues of deeper significance are at stake. A good modern room is no mere collection of chairs and tables. It is the tangible expression of an idea or rather a group of ideas all moving in a similar direction. Like any other style with a claim to historic significance, it is rooted in the main currents of the age which produced it. And the man who is out of sympathy or unacquainted with these will never achieve a good modern room.

I have one recommendation to make, and one only, in relation to this so-called modern style. He who would judge it must judge it for what it is; not for *what it is not!*

With that hybrid product—outcome of a compromise—which inspired the horrors of the Paris Exhibition of 1925, good modernism has nothing whatever to do. What is known as a "jazz" type is, indeed, fundamentally opposed to the principles of the leaders in this field. The contemporary style (as befits an age of ever-increasing accessibility, through rapid transport) is noticeably international. Its leaders, in every country, are men whose general intellectual integrity is no less marked than is their æsthetic distinction. It is unthinkable that the vulgarities which crop up from time to time to distress us could have any association with these.

Among the modern interiors shown on this page, the dining-room designed by Wells Coates at No. 1, Kensington Palace Gardens is most generally indicative of the *advance guard* style. This intelligent young architect was also responsible for a considerable section of the new B.B.C. premises, in Portland Place, with which our readers are, doubtless, already familiar. The house concerned has an interesting history. During the tenure of the present owner's father, about 1893, it was (in its original condition, as shown at the bottom of these pages) considered one of the most modern houses in London! Actually, I believe, it possessed the first arrangement for running water known in an English bedroom. The problem with which Mr. Wells Coates was confronted in this house assumes, thus, historic significance. Identical views of the dining-room, shown at the bottom of our page, tell their own story. A conversion from the "museum" type furnishing of a Victorian house to a contemporary treatment of the problem of living equipment and environment is here shown. The list of discards which went down in the process reads like a catalogue of one of Messrs. Christies' better days.

The new dining-table is 10 ft. long and is built of laminated wood, veneered with English burr walnut. It is framed in steel sections to provide a long, clear span. The steel legs are fixed to the floor and cased with pale green roughcast glass, the top faces of which are illuminated from the underside of the table. The high chairs give formal significance to the scale of the room.

The arresting dining-room by Philip Evans Palmer, shown at the top of page 25, has walls of rough plaster (banana colour) finished with cellulose enamel. The chairs are of green hide, with silver sides. An abstract wooden composition fills the niche over the mantelpiece and repeats all the colours of the room. Exigencies of lay-out required an undue subordination of two charming rooms by the well-known architect Oliver Hill. These rooms, although not exactly *advance guard* in type, convey that serenity which is characteristic of all good modern work. Left, the dining-room at Hampton Seale has furniture veneered with pink Australian maple, inlaid with ivory bands. The chairs are covered in white leather.

Right, Lady Mount Temple's dining-room at Gayfair House, Westminster, has floor and side tables in Travertine marble. The former is inlaid with stainless steel bands. The doors are veneered in white sycamore. The walls, ceiling, and shutters are covered in white grained Plastex. The table-top is glazed.

BOOKS

Lawrence in Etruria : Good and Bad War Books : A Fine Biography and Two Outstanding Novels

By CECIL ROBERTS

MISS ANN KNOX, whose new book, *Sons and Daughters*, maintains her reputation for vigour and frankness

"EYEWITNESS," alias Major-General Sir Ernest Swinton, whose War book, *Eyewitness*, is reviewed below

MR. STEPHEN GRAHAM, whose admirable biography of the monstrous Czar, Ivan the Terrible, has just been published

All wanderers in Italy, in those happy days when the name and banknote of an Englishman commanded respect, and we turned perhaps unsympathetic ears to complaints about *il cambio* and *il carbone*, must have been speculative, sometime, about the lost Etruscan civilization. Here and there, in a piece of wall, a tomb, or a fragment of pottery, there is evidence of that lost race, so lost that the most learned archæologists can but speculate wildly. No one can read their language; it is one of the lost tongues of the world. The houses they built have completely disappeared, for they built them of wood. More has survived from the catastrophe of Pompeii than from the whole of that Etruscan civilization. Wandering through the museum at Bologna, with its fine collection of Etruscan vases, and their bold, joyous designs, like Greek primitives, one had a dim sense that something valuable had been lost to us, an inheritance worthy of preservation.

The Romans, hard fighting, ruthless, and in their early days, insensible to beauty, stamped them out. They occupied the middle of Italy, and flourished around the eight century B.C. It is customary for us to be impatient with anything B.C. which is not Greek. The great Mommsen ignored the Etruscan race, obsessed with the Prussian-like Romans. The Romans had, somehow, established an impression that the Etruscans were vicious. Every older civilization is labelled vicious by the new. Morality covers a mountain of ruthlessness.

Although it cannot be accepted as an authoritative or a serious contribution to Etruscan history, D. H. Lawrence has given us, almost his last work, a study of the Etruscans which is deeply interesting. In his *Etruscan Places* (Secker. 15s.) he visits with a poet's sensitive spirit the Etruscan tombs, and the sites of their cities. He believed that they were a free, a joyous people, that they enjoyed "a natural flowering of life." This must be conjectured from the slightest fragments, but it is interesting to see Lawrence, from the fund of his own enthusiasm, recreate this lost race, and from the designs on a few underground tombs build up a civilization with which, for once, he was sympathetic. He creates, of course, a race that is not free from his own erotic obsession. The word "naked," as ever, plasters these pages, the figures are "strong and mysteriously male," the procreative faculty is sought and found, and made symbolic in every fragment of stone, every engraving that he sees.

Poor Lawrence! all his days he walked through a forest of phallic symbols. But his mania apart, how vividly he gives warmth and passion to this lost people. He made the most fatiguing journeys to remote sites of Etruscan cities. He was patient with official stupidity, with Fascists insistent on the Italy that is, and is to be, and antagonistic to this laudation of the past. He gives us chapters on the Maremma, on Cervetri, on Tarquinia and its painted tombs, on Volterra, and on Vulci. Other chapters would have been added, but death interrupted him.

Lawrence never travelled without an intense interest in life, and he had the gift of conveying this intensity to his readers. He was delightfully irrelevant; he lingered on the way to observe the hotel porter, the Museum official, the habits of a German tourist, the nature of a flower. "Nowhere is far off in these small, wall-girdled cities. In the warm April morning the stony little town seems half asleep. As a matter of fact most of the inhabitants are out in the fields, and won't come in through the gates again until evening. The slight sense of desertedness is everywhere, even in the inn when we have climbed up the stairs to it, for the ground floor does not belong. A little lad in long trousers, who would seem to be only twelve years old, but who has the air of a mature man, confronts us with his chest out. We ask for rooms."

He believed "it is better to keep life fluid and changing than to try to hold it." He liked the Etruscans because he believed that they had a real desire to preserve the natural humour of life and that seemed more difficult, more worthy "than conquering the world or sacrificing the self or saving the immortal soul." He resented being imposed upon. He was really grateful that so little of the Etruscan civilization had survived. "Even Michelangelo becomes at last a lump and a burden and a bore," Lawrence was somewhat in sympathy with the German student he encountered, learned enough but who, whenever he was asked what anything meant, replied "Ach, nothing."

This book bears witness to the richness of Lawrence's imagination. He makes this dim people alive, he gives us back the Etruscan day, a joyous day, when life was simple and the world was fresh. It is rich with commentation upon the present as well as the past. It is Lawrence at his happiest.

In *Eyewitness*, by E. D. Swinton (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.), we turn from the reconstruction of a past civilization to the destruction of our present. Major-General Sir Ernest Swinton was celebrated during the War as "Eyewitness," an official War correspondent. But, like all other War correspondents, he found he was not allowed to give the public "too strong meat" and suffered much from censorship.

His phase as War correspondent was the shortest and least important of his War services, though for that he is better known. In this book he gives us the genesis of the tank. He provides the reader with an ingenious "seed plan" to show the slow ingermination of his idea. This book is largely a story of the long battle he waged for his conception. Eventually, at a trial at Hatfield Park, he convinced the sceptical, though Lord Kitchener remained doubtful. Churchill and Balfour were enthusiastic. On February 2, 1916, General Swinton had triumphed. The order to build tanks went forth. There was now the problem of raising a corps of men, of making the machine and, most important of all, preserving the secret. When he heard there was too much talk in the works he went and addressed the men. An indiscreet lady had a shock. At a lunch party she began to ply him with questions that were too intelligent. "I told her there was only one person from whom she could have learned what she knew, that if it got out it would not only mean his death but the death of many others and possibly the loss of the War, that unless she promised to maintain silence except to contradict anything she had already divulged, I would have her friend tried by court-martial for treachery, the penalty for which was death." Needless to say the lady promised. This book provides an important contribution to the history of military armaments. It is most vividly narrated.

40 O.B., by Hugh Cleland Hoy (Hutchinson. 15s.), is a pretentious hotchpotch that purports to tell us how the War was won, and to reveal momentous secrets of the Naval Intelligence Department. Mr. Hoy was secretary to the Director of Naval Intelligence. I do not know whether he learned any secrets, he certainly had none to divulge in this book, which would be more readable if it were not written with terrible self-importance and extravagant laudation. I am quite sure Admiral Sir Reginald Hall was not the indiscreet man he is made to appear in this book, or that the Admiralty passed their time making the facetious jokes with which this book is decked out. After pæans of praise upon the "silent service" we are assured "they leave others to do the talking. They had no Press agents, and unlike some of their colleagues of the junior service, did not welcome war correspondents. Distinguished publicists did not joy-ride with the Grand Fleet, or in subs. and Q ships." This is arrant balderdash. The Fleet had its correspondents like the Army. I know, since I was one of them. And there were admirals who were by no means insensible to publicity. And Mr. Bottomley once joy-rode with the Fleet. The book is full of "if I might I could tell stories . . ." One wonders what is the point of a book in which the author cannot.

There is a ludicrous story about H. B. Irving and "one noble lord of the R.N.V.R." If the story about Admiral Sir Reginald Hall stopping all the trains and the ships in port, and then forgetting he had stopped them, and congesting all the ports, is true, one cannot wonder the War lasted four years. Equally ridiculous is the story that the Admiral, suspecting a leakage, held up all the mails to Holland, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. When the P.M.G. said he had no further room for these mails, the bags were removed, on the Admiral's orders, and a bonfire was made of them. I extract another gem of Naval Intelligence. There had been a Zeppelin raid on London. "The House was sitting at the time, and I remember how, when he heard of the narrow shave next morning, Admiral Hall exclaimed 'What a pity!'"

The book is padded out with this kind of thing. Some of the old spy stories are redressed. "Espionage—Scotland Yard's Net.—The Master Spy.—I Became Suspected as a Super-spy." Thus the headings run, calculated to make the hair of office-boys stand on end. Mr. Hoy has the lurid mind of a newspaper sub-editor. Three-quarters of the material in this book has nothing whatever to do with *40 O.B.* Intelligence, naval or otherwise, is conspicuously missing. It all reads like what the Widow Twankey heard from Herbert at the front.

BOOKS TO READ

Some Animal Books

OLDER MOUSIE, by Golden Gorse (Country Life. 10s. 6d.).

ANIMAL LORE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE, by P. A. Robin (Murray. 10s. 6d.).

A HUNTIN' WE WILL GO, by Brig.-Gen. E. Brooks (Seeley Service. 10s. 6d.).

THE ANIMALS CAME TO DRINK, by Cherry Kearton (Longmans. 6s.)

SPORTING PROSE AND VERSE, by Eric Parker (Seeley Service. 10s. 6d.).

SCOTTY, A HIGHLAND FOX, by Frances Pitt (Longmans. 10s. 6d.).

Novels

AUGUST, by Knut Hamdan (Cassell. 8s. 6d.).

YOUNG WOMAN OF 1914, by Arnold Zweig (Secker. 7s. 6d).

EXPERIENCES OF A BOND STREET JEWELLER, by H. A. Vachell (Cassell. 7s. 6d.).

LOBELIA GROVE, by Anthony Rolls (Bles. 7s. 6d.).

THE SALUTATION, by S. Towsend Warner (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.).

THE UNKNOWN ISLAND, by J. P. B. Mais (Putnam. 7s. 6d.).

WAR MEMORIES, by Princess de Croy (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.).

Miss Ann Knox's novels are notable for their vitality. She loves life, she likes movement. Sometimes this restlessness is apt to make her work kinematic. Thus in *Sons and Daughters* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), she jumps about in the first chapter between Gentiles and Jews, Warwick, Bream, Venice, and Banbury. It is all a little confusing. And I cannot take to a heroine named Oonah. All the time I am expecting her to marry a man named Oojah. The hero of this book is a continuously frustrated Jew, which proves that Miss Knox is original. He always loves in vain, and spends his time being imposed upon, a new twist to the characteristics of his race. But these Bradfords are an entertaining family, mad rather than bad. A swiftly moving story, vivid in every line, ends with a wistful note. Miss Knox is keeping up her reputation for vigour and frankness.

Out of what small materials an artist can construct a first-class story. Mr. Jeffery Marston, in *Jubilee* (Bles. 7s. 6d.), makes a study of the life of a domestic servant. We see the young son of the house grow up in her arms, and become intimate with the domestic details of young Mr. Pardew and his wife in their Earl's Court house. It is all most delicately and entrancingly done, right down to the last tragic chapter in which Marky ends her serv ce

The legend of Ivan the Terrible is well known, the actual facts of his life are little known. Mr. Stephen Graham now gives us a most vivid and admirable biography of the great and monstrous Czar. *Ivan the Terrible* (Benn. 18s.). As one proceeds from chapter to chapter of this story of a man to whom butchery was delight, the mind revolts and finds it difficult to credit human nature with such depravity. Mr. Graham does not spare us details, he is even fair to Ivan and refrains from stressing this madman's acts, but the story is none the less terrible. We see the irony of Fate in the fact that such a monster died peaceably in his bed.

A contemporary of Queen Elizabeth, he reigned at a time when Englishmen were discovering Russia. Ivan had a mania for marrying an Englishwoman, at first Queen Elizabeth, then a woman of good family. He wished to renounce the throne and become a monk, combining religious fanaticism with ingenious murders and wholesale massacres of his subjects. Nero pales beside him in his blood lust.

He murdered his own son and heir. In an interesting biographical note Mr. Graham tells us that the sources for the reign of Ivan are scanty owing to the destruction of the archives in the great fire of Moscow in 1626. Ivan has been a neglected figure among the biographers, and Mr. Graham has given us a much-wanted life of the infamous Czar.

GERMANY'S NEW LOVE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

A MORNING'S PHYSICAL EXERCISE: This is conducted under a beautifully designed roof letting in a sparkle of light upon the class which is exercising below

LOOKING DOWN THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE: This modern feature at Bremen is painted in soft colours to quieten the nerves of the citizens who attend the courses

AN INITIAL STAGE: On entering upon courses at this centre each student or client is tested as to his or her physical and nervous state

NORTH SEA AIR AS REQUIRED: One of the special features of this Bremen institute of healthy recreation is the supply of North Sea air to those who require it

COLOUR TREATMENT is applied to those who have to live in a special light

THE TEST OF THE MEMORY: On visiting the "paradise" your memory capacity is tested

The "Paradise for Nerves" is situated in the famous Boettcherstreet at Bremen and gives everybody the chance to find perfect recreation in bodily exercises. This institute of physical training, where all kinds of working people can train their body, has been designed by Professor Hoetger in the most modern style. The institute was founded by Dr. h. c. Ludwig Roselius and is equipped with the most complete set of apparatus possible. More than 2,000 Bremenese visit daily the "Paradise for Nerves" for recreation after the day's work.

A New Thrill to Motoring

Restful, because noiseless, and oh, so smooth! Touch the accelerator-pedal, and you realise power at its extreme. Speed previously unattainable save at prohibitive cost—and some risk. But with that speed a complete control, an assurance that the car is thoroughly in hand, right through its exceptional range of pace.

Expensive? Not on this Ford V-8. The costliest body-type standardised on the Ford V-8 gives you a perfectly appointed motor car for £295, at Works, Dagenham. Say when and where a Ford V-8 may be sent for you to try exhaustively. Or ask your Ford Dealer for a beautiful descriptive booklet, yours on request.

THE FORD V-8 CABRIOLET £295. OTHER BODY-TYPES FROM £230. ALL PRICES AT WORKS, DAGENHAM.

Come to the Great Ford Exhibition at the White City—October 13-22

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED

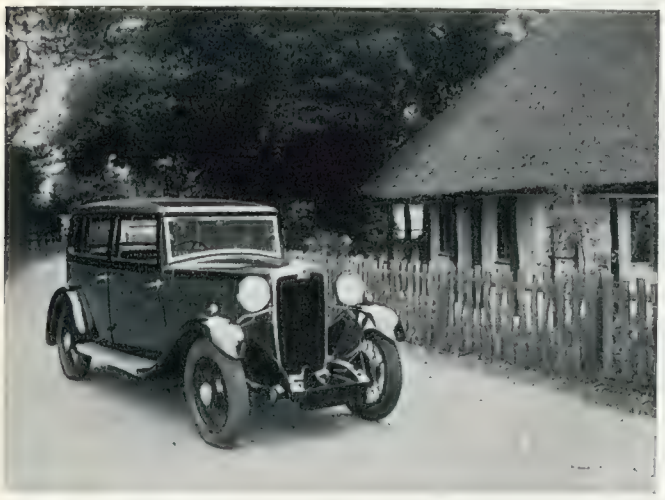
88 Regent Street, London, W.1 (Regent 7272—15 Lines) Dagenham, Essex (Rainham 300—17 Lines)

IN THE PETROL WORLD

By A. B. PADLEY RILEY

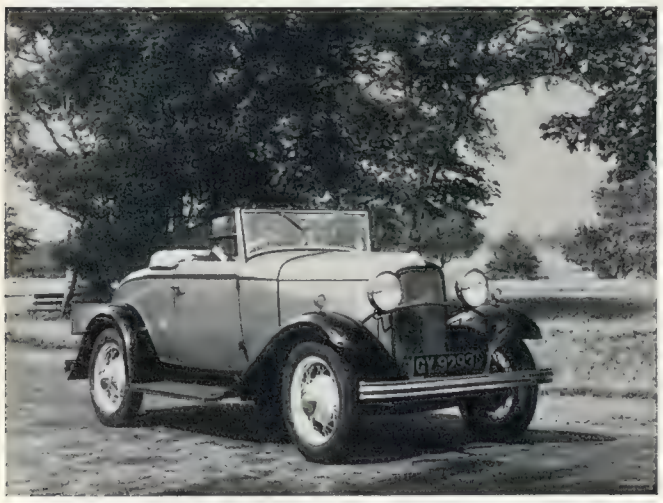
(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

SUNBEAM.—Sunbeams are marketing three different chassis for 1933. First of all, the 16-h.p. 6-cylinder model, next the 20-h.p. 6-cylinder, and lastly, a speed model chassis of an entirely new design. Dealing with the latter, it should be pointed out that the word speed, as a name, is not intended to indicate a car with an abnormally high maximum speed. As a matter of fact, the firm has concentrated on producing a chassis which will have a high cruising speed between 60 and 70 m.p.h. and which can be driven at all times with the same ease and comfort as a touring car. The high speed has been obtained by giving careful attention to weight and streamlining, but the ordinary features such as comfort and convenience have not in any way been sacrificed. The specification includes hydraulic brakes of particularly progressive design. The gear-box follows orthodox lines, and the engine, which is rated at 20·9 h.p., has six cylinders. The coachwork fitted is a new style of close-coupled sports saloon.



A NEW MODEL: The new Crossley 10-h.p. Buxton 6-cylinder light saloon in picturesque surroundings. A similar car is to be exhibited on the Crossley Stand at Olympia Motor Show

On the 16-h.p. 6-cylinder Sunbeam a synchromesh twin-top gear-box is provided. The synchromesh clutch assists the change up from second to third, and third to top, and downwards from top to third. With this design gear-changing is greatly simplified, and no double declutching is necessary. Controlled suspension by means of new type shock-absorbers is now standard, and the fuel is fed to the carburettor by means of a pump, an auxiliary tank being provided to help easy starting. Many detailed improvements have been carried out to the coachwork. Coming now to the 20-h.p. 6-cylinder Sunbeam, we find that the synchromesh gear-box is also fitted, but not on the long wheel-base chassis with its enclosed limousine body. The various types of coachwork which can be obtained on this chassis are all built to improved designs.



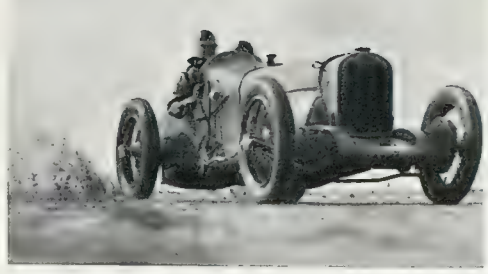
AN EXAMPLE OF THE GENIUS OF FORD: The new Ford V-8 which, as its name suggests, has its two sets of four cylinders each set at 90 degrees. Gear-changing is facilitated by a synchromesh second speed

VAUXHALL.—The 1933 Vauxhall programme consists of one chassis only, namely the 17-h.p. 6-cylinder Cadet. This chassis is offered to the public with seven different types of coachwork, the prices varying from £295 to £335. The larger Vauxhall, which could be purchased during 1932, has been withdrawn. The Cadet is now fitted with an improved synchromesh easy-change gear-box. The general design of the chassis is unaltered, and where improvements have been incorporated they take the form of refinements of detail, improved appearance, and greater comfort. The bodies now fitted to the chassis are lower, more imposing in appearance, and the radiator with its chromium-plated stone-guard is deeper. As regards comfort, there is considerably more room in the body, particularly in the back seat. The general performance of the 1933 Vauxhall is better than its predecessor, and as a result of a short trial in the car I found it smoother in running. As a result of my short trial I was impressed with the synchromesh easy-change gear-box. A driver has to be a complete fool to make a noise with his gears, and although the principle is applied to the second and third gears only of the three-speed gear-box it must be remembered that the change-up from first to second gear is made as ridiculously easy as the change from second to third. When driving this Vauxhall I found that there was no necessity to double declutch because the gear-box actually does that automatically for the driver.

Vauxhalls have shown their desire to help the owner-driver in another direction. When the engine is started from cold, the driver pulls out the choke control. By so doing the throttle is automatically opened so that, when the starter button is depressed, the engine starts immediately. When this operation is performed on most cars the driver frequently carries on with the choke in operation, because he has forgotten to alter the control, and there is nothing to indicate his omission to him. On this Vauxhall there is a special automatic air valve, and should the choke be accidentally left in operation the noise of this automatic valve instantly reminds the driver that everything is not normal. For export work a larger engine is fitted, and for the home market customers can have the more powerful power unit if they so desire, but no extra charge is made, though naturally there is a higher tax, and the petrol consumption is just a little higher.

HILLMAN.—The 1933 Hillman programme is interesting, as it includes a new Wizard and the continuance of the Minx. The former has a 6-cylinder engine which is supplied as a 16-h.p. or 21-h.p. unit as desired. Certain improvements have been incorporated in the internal design of these engines, with the result that the new cars have even a better road performance than previously. The words, "cushioned power," that have been so intimately connected with the success of the Minx, can now be applied to the new Wizards, as many of the features incorporated in the newer small car are now included in the large car. Thermostatic radiator shutters are fitted, likewise a new type of front wing and head-lamp fixing. The back of the car has been tidied up considerably, so that the Wizard is now far more graceful to look upon than before. An entirely new model in the shape of a long wheel-base seven-seater with the larger engine is introduced. Naturally this larger chassis will take very roomy coach work, and with a full seven-seater saloon body the complete car sells at £350. The Minx continues in 1933 without change either to specification or to price.

CROSSLEY.—Crossleys have effected numerous detailed refinements to their 10-h.p. model, which has now been on the market for over a year, with the result that the 1933 model is a particularly robust job of quality. This particular car can be purchased as a super sports two-seater and as a super sports saloon. The programme includes the Silver Crossley saloon, which has an engine rated at 15·7 h.p., and the Golden Crossley which has a more powerful engine rated at 20·9 h.p. The last model in the Crossley range is the 20·9 Super Six chassis fitted with a limousine or landaulette body. The prices range from £265 to £895.



ALL OUT! G. J. Jackson driving a Sunbeam at speed in the Southport Motor Racing Club's meeting held recently at Ainsdale

WINNERS OF THE FASTEST RACE: J. A. Bartlett and R. T. Horton, drivers of the M.G. Midget, which won the 500-mile race at Brooklands last Saturday

THE VEHICLE OF TRAGEDY: The smashed Bentley car in which Clive Dunfee crashed to his death during the 500-mile race

LEADING THE FIELD: G. E. T. Eyston in his record-breaking M.G. (No. 8) making fine headway in Saturday's classic at Brooklands

SAFETY *v.* SCENERY: The abolition of hedges at corners and cross-roads, and their replacement by the erection of white railings, form a programme for making safer the curving Herefordshire roads

RILEY.—Individuality is a quality which is quite rare in the petrol world, but one firm at least is determined to give its customers something different, and that firm is the Riley Company. Their latest range includes nearly fifty distinct models. There are twelve types of bodywork and eleven chassis variations. In addition, for every model there is a choice of eight colour schemes, so that a Riley purchaser can now choose from practically 400 types. The Riley Company have for many years been noted for their original bodywork, and I am not surprised, therefore, to find that their latest models are striking in appearance. I note there is a four-door saloon with the rear streamlined right down to the frame and sweeping over the spare wheel. Another example of up-to-dateness is a surprisingly low saloon with special doors to facilitate entry and egress. When these are opened, hinged traps in the roof rise automatically, thus enabling the occupants to enter or leave the car without trouble. An entirely new car figures in the programme and will be known as the 6-cylinder 12-h.p. Riley. In general, this model follows the same lines as the larger and well-known 14-h.p. car.

SAINT JEAN-DE-LUZ has made great strides in popularity in the past few years and is now a densely crowded *plage*

LA GAROUPE, whither the Prince of Wales paid a surprise visit, is the *dernier cri* of the Riviera. It is (as yet) very small and very select

TWO POPULAR SOUTHERN RESORTS

Saint Jean-de-Luz and the New *Plage*, La Garoupe

"MISS ITALY," who represented her sunny land in a beauty contest, caught at Satori's, Garoupe *plage, en vacance*

"SATORI'S" is a popular spot at La Garoupe. Madame Satori is behind the bar; Signor Zehndar on the right

A GROUP including Mr. C. C. Park, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Pear, Mrs. J. H. Innes, Mr. D. R. Morton, and Mr. J. H. Innes, pro-Consul in Bilboa, on the steps of La Pergola, St. Jean-de-Luz

SOCIETY at La Garoupe—a group including Mrs. and Master Crawshay, Countess Paul Palfry, Miss Tweed, Mrs. John Munroe, and Prince Keyril Scherba ow at the newest smart *plage*

COPENHAGEN and its TIVOLI

The Capital of the Sea Kings to which the British Exposition is Now Drawing Great Crowds

It is no wonder that the Prince of Wales received so great a welcome when he opened the Exhibition of British Goods in Copenhagen a few days ago, for the Tivoli grounds where the show was held are visited by between 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 people, apart from approximately 10,000 season ticket holders every summer.

The Tivoli is an institution in Denmark, the grounds occupying a site between the Central Railway Station and the Town Hall, and the romance of this vast place of amusement is closely bound up with the development of the city during almost 100 years.

In 1843 the city was surrounded by ramparts and moats when Georg Carstensen, whose father was a Dane but who was actually born in Algiers, sought an audience with King Christian VIII to secure permission to lay out a place of popular amusement,

A PUBLIC OBSERVATORY is now installed on the top of the Round Tower, built by King Christian IV in old Copenhagen

using the argument, "If only people are allowed to amuse themselves they will forget to talk politics."

The concession was arranged, and within two months a fairy garden covering 80,000 square metres was produced out of the old ramparts, a section of the moat being incorporated as a lake. Georg Carstensen's tremendous efforts were crowned with such success that 50,000 people passed through the entrance gates.

Unfortunately strained relations developed between the company and Georg Carstensen, whose rather foreign, man-of-the-world elegance and success made him the admired favourite of Copenhagen, and after 1848 the founder of the Tivoli Gardens went to the West Indies, a few years later turning up in North America to win the first prize in a competition for a design for the industrial exhibition, "The Crystal Palace," in New York, which he

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

built together with a German architect, Gildmaster; a financial catastrophe deprived him of the benefits of this work, however, and he died in 1857, at the early age of forty-five.

The Tivoli, which has existed for eighty-nine years, was Georg Carstensen's masterpiece, and his monument still stands in the grounds; but his own words, "the Tivoli will never be finished," have come true, as the ground and buildings are constantly being reformed, renewed, and modernized in short lives whilst still holding the original inspiration of its imaginative creator in mind.

TIVOLI—the Luna Park of Copenhagen

At the main entrance of the busy Vesterbros Passage is a large restaurant and the Apollo Theatre, popular for its operettes and revues, and on the left the offices of the management and administration complete with its own programme and placard printing presses.

Inside the entrance is a long main avenue of chestnut trees, under whose dense crowns the coloured lamps of the illumination arches are lighted when darkness falls.

Fourteen restaurants, cafés, and taverns are dotted about the grounds, most of which have tables in the open at which the popular smorrebrod, lager beer, coffee, and dishes which delight the Danish palate are served.

Four theatres, four dancing salons, a glass hall where a brass band plays, a concert hall for 1,500 people where symphony concerts are given, an open-air stage for gymnasts, acrobats, and balloon ascents, firework displays, and a merry corner with a switchback railway, skittle alleys, and side shows of a popular character make the grounds the centre for all classes of city and country folk.

OLD DENMARK: A fisherwoman mending her nets in a Danish coastal village

Attached to the grounds there is also a brigade of boys who parade in red and white full-dress uniform with waving colours and music, together with a detatchment of sailors with dazzlingly bright cannon, the firing of which announces the commencement of a festival and also introduces the firework displays which are extremely popular.

The grounds are open during the four months from the end of May until September from 9 a.m. to 12 p.m., the principal concerts and entertainments commencing at 7 p.m. on weekdays and 4 p.m. on Sundays. Apart from Whit-Saturday and Whit-Sunday, when it is against the Danish law to play music and amusements are not allowed, Sunday evenings are the most popular times in the week for displays.

DECORATED BRICK and timber on an old house at Köge, near the capital

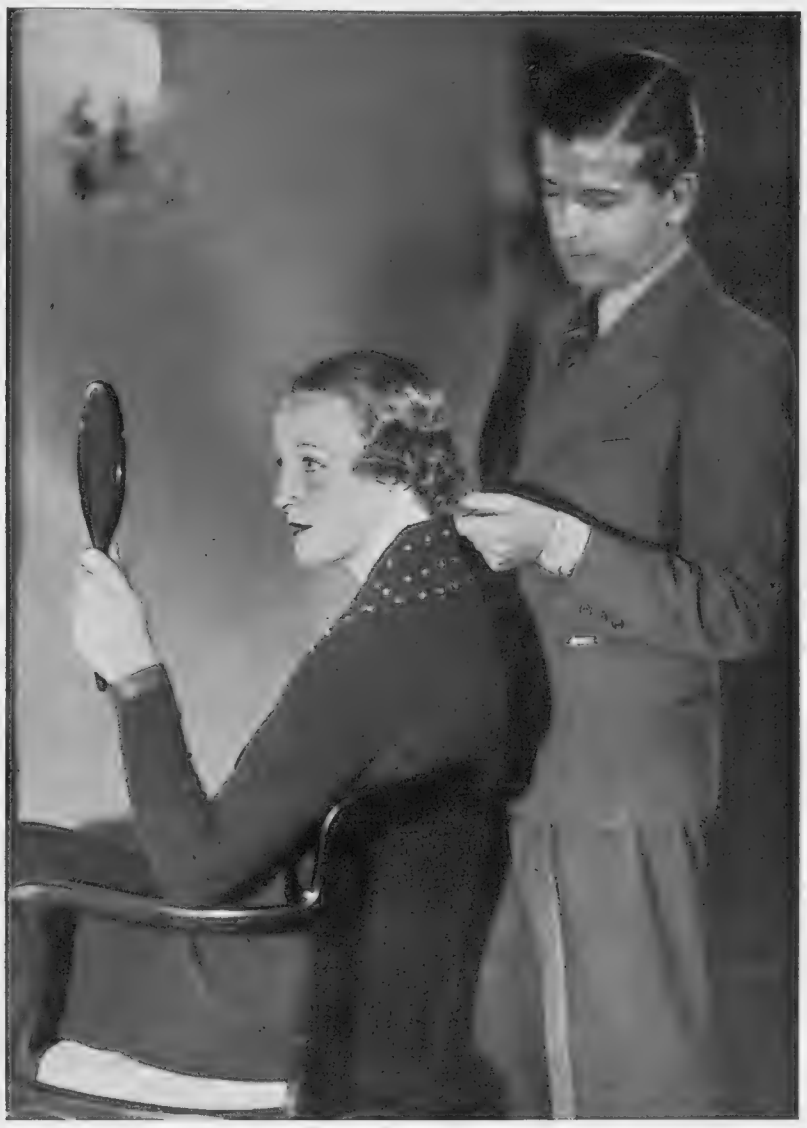
In the forenoon the beautiful part of the Tivoli is a sanctuary for children, where they are safe from the dangers of motor and other traffic in the heart of the city. Accompanied by their mothers or nurses with their fancy work or their newspapers and a seat at one of the cafés, the youth of Copenhagen grow early to love the city's breathing place.

The atmosphere of the Tivoli is not of the truly boisterous variety of circus or show ground and is probably unlike any other amusement centre in the world. It is definitely decorous in its tone.

FILM STARS
Risen and Rising
Some New Studies

A RISING STAR IN THE FILM WORLD:

Miss Pearl Argyle is here seen in *Bright Lights of London*, a London Film Production



A FAMOUS GERMAN STAR:

Brigitte Helm, the statuesque beauty of the German screen, is here seen being "marcelled" before being filmed

HEROINE IN "THE RETURN OF RAFFLES":

Miss Camilla Horn appears in the W.P. film directed by Mansfield Markham at Walton Studios

AN ENGLISH STAR IN BUDAPEST:

Miss Betty Stockfeld playing the principal part in a Gallone film for the Osso Company

THE FINE ART of the TABLE

"OH, SUCH A FEAST! with turkeys, ducks, and geese; with grouse and partridges all roast in grease"—*J. Herbert Bell*

Into whatever disrepute our English cookery may have fallen as a national art, or indeed, however woefully debased our present skill in culinary affairs, no proper student of the subject will seriously submit to the popular inference that our traditional English cookery can be easily surpassed.

Whilst loathing to under-estimate the cunning of the French on matters culinary and even rising to superb heights in extolling the modern cookery methods of other Continental nations, we may still remain happily convinced of the intrinsic excellence of the English dish and of the superlative quality of the native produce from which it springs. Where else is one to taste the succulence of our Southdown mutton when the accompaniments are judiciously chosen and delicately served, or the nutritious fragrance of an English hot-pot, or stew from which—when all is confessed—the less plebeian "casserole" extracts its origin?

Not, indeed, to English food or to English recipes, but to our native indifference, must be attributed the decline of English cookery. It is true that efforts are astir here and there to recapture our prestige and to interest Englishwomen in the almost forgotten art of fine cooking, though the pity of it is that wherever this movement exists there is, invariably, a disposition to employ foreign methods.

One would require a volume—no less would do—to touch, even most casually, upon the many branches of English cookery which deserve attention, but for the present a very general selection of recipes chosen for their age and quality no less than for their adaptability to modern palates may suffice to interest students of food.

What could be more eloquent of hospitality, or more warming to the senses, than the traditional breakfast menu of home-smoked hams, crisp bacon, and sizzling sausages? Even the most sensitive digestion can hardly fail to respond to the enticement of a country breakfast of tea or coffee with home-made rolls, quince jam, and Cornish cream. Simple fare, indeed, and for that very reason requiring the most reverent care in the preparation.

So much attention, too, is drawn to the inadequate quality of our coffee that one doubts if present standards are really so woefully debased. My own experience is that most households, having a wholesome horror of association with this disgraceful charge, have succeeded in acquiring some skill in the art. The same cannot always be said for the brewing of tea, however, which particular function is said to be our special prerogative, and is therefore grossly neglected. The quantities of inferior tea with which one is served in a country most famed for this brew are in fact astonishing.

One of the oldest recipes for tea-making provides no less than two level teaspoonfuls of tea for a single breakfast cup, and three teaspoonfuls for two similar cups. Warm the pot, put in the tea, and add the water while freshly boiling. Water which has boiled for any period will not brew good tea. Infusion should last for five minutes, and the liquor should then be poured off into a second pot. This last is a most important factor in the production of flavour.

In many households bacon is fried, but to extract the best flavour, and to achieve the appetizing crispness of the perfect rasher, bacon should be toasted as of old, before the fire. A gas or electric grill is an excellent substitute, however, though the heat should not at first be too fierce. Sausages are best when when freshly made, of course, and, far from being the most simple dish of all to prepare, demand a full quota of attention for their cooking. Much of the flavour is allowed to escape by the common practice of puncturing them with a fork to prevent bursting; gradual heating, however, will have the same effect. First lightly dust them with flour, and place under the grill with a little fat on top of each, warm through gradually, then increase the heat, turning the sausages frequently until they are nicely browned.

Scotch woodcock may be safely included in our survey as an English dish of traditional excellence and of cordial popularity at the breakfast table. The usual method among country housewives is to toast the bread and to butter it generously. Anchovies, of which there are several excellent bottled varieties, should be finely chopped and spread between two slices of the toast. Eggs, allowing a proportion of two to each person, should now be beaten together with a little milk and seasoning, set over the fire to thicken, and just before the mixture boils pour over the toast and serve on a hot plate.

Our cookery is specially adaptable to the production of informal, nourishing meals. Such substantial soups, for instance, as those most characteristic of the English menu are meals in themselves. A typically English luncheon of the light variety might be arranged, for instance, to include a hare soup or a genuine Scotch broth—none of your tame imitations—and even a herb soup for the less conventionally inclined. A delicate savoury would be amply sufficient to follow such a soup as this and the menu perfectly completed with cooked fruit. Here are some traditional recipes upon which a luncheon menu might be based with confidence:

TRUE SCOTCH BROTH

1 lb. neck end of mutton	Three pints of water
One diced carrot	One diced turnip
Several small onions	Two sticks of celery
Two tablespoons pearl barley	A small quantity of parsley

Seasoning to taste

Joint the meat and cut into pieces. Remove the fat and put bones and meat into the stewpan with the water and barley. Bring to the boil and simmer for at least two hours. Strain and remove bones and return to the pot with vegetables. Cook sixty minutes, add parsley and serve.

As an alternative to soup, stewed lambs' tails are a rare country delicacy, and should be prepared thus:

Blanch six lambs' tails in salt and water, and afterwards dry. Stew them for several hours in a good clear stock and then add two finely-chopped onions and a few capers. Thicken with flour and water, season to taste, and simmer again for five minutes.

(Continued on p. 34)

Humphrey and Vera Joel

IN A SMALL LONDON FLAT: A dining-room table with a plate-glass top. The table centre and mats are made of the new Laminex glass which is available in any colour

Sleep

Do you enjoy the luxurious pleasure of just jumping into bed and falling sound asleep almost immediately; sleeping seven or eight hours continuously and waking fresh, alert and ready for your day's work? If you do not the 'Allenburys' Diet should be added to your daily fare. A cup of this delightful food beverage taken at 11 a.m. and 10 p.m. will quickly tone your system and ensure energy for the day and for the night that wonderful restorer—sound sleep.

'Allenburys' The DIET

EASY TO MAKE - PLEASANT TO TAKE
In tins at 2/1, 4/- and 7/6. Of all Chemists.
Send 3d. in stamps for quarter pound trial sample.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., 37 Lombard St., London, E.C.3.

The Sophisticated Breakfast

Energen BREAD

of course!

Crisp, delicate, delicious—and NOT fattening! ENERGEN contains far more nourishment than ordinary bread, with none of the fat-making penalty of all the ordinary types, whether brown or white.

Start the day sustained with delicious ENERGEN Bread. Your baker stocks it.

We shall be pleased to post you a free sample if you will send us your address.

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Baked Jam Roll!

Hugon's 'ATORA'

The Good BEEF SUET

makes the nicest Baked Jam Roll you ever tasted—crisp, delicious, most nourishing. And it's very simple to make — only three-quarters of an hour's baking with 'ATORA.'

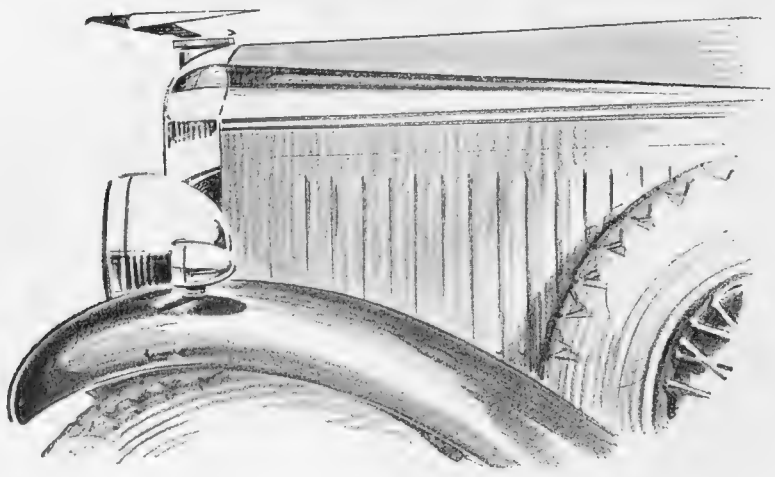
This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.

RECIPE

½ lb. Flour. ¼ lb. Shredded 'Atora.'
Teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.

Mix the baking powder and salt with the flour, then rub in the 'Atora.' (In cold weather the Suet should be slightly warmed before using, but *not* melted). Add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin, and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over (sealing up ends by turning them in), damp edges and pinch together. Bake for about ¾ hour in a greased tin. Serve hot.
Sufficient for 6 persons.

It just *makes* you drive well



THERE is no question of "mastering" the Vauxhall Cadet. It conspires to make you an expert driver. The Synchro-Mesh gears see to it that every gear-change, up or down, is faultless—you have only to push the lever across. The Silent Second makes it pleasant to *use* your gears properly. Steering, acceleration, braking, all respond to the merest indication of your wishes. At the end of a long drive you feel as fresh as your passengers.

And in the 1933 Cadet you have a notable advance in engine efficiency. Improved carburation gives smoother acceleration, sweeter performance, with more miles to the gallon.. In appearance the Cadet is certainly one of the most aristocratic cars on the road, with its improved body lines and its distinctive flutes, now finished in gleaming chromium.

Ask for a trial run, or write for catalogue to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, London, N.W.9.

Note these 1933 features:

PERFORMANCE. Synchro-Mesh, Silent Second, smoother acceleration, more miles to the gallon, soft yet decisive braking, effortless steering, improved choke giving easier starting.

. . .

COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE. Luxurious upholstery in softest leather, smoother springing, improved shock absorbers, larger petrol tank, improved anti-glare sloping windscreen, anti-dazzle dipping headlights, dual electric screen wiper, larger tyres, smaller wheels, more leg room, central folding arm rests on the saloons.

STYLE. Dull chromium radiator guard, lower body lines, eddy-free roof front, chromium flutes and lamps, more massive bumpers, new luggage grid which stows away neatly.

4-door Saloon, with flush-type weatherproof sliding roof, £295. Grosvenor Saloon De Luxe, £325. Tickford All-weather Saloon, £335. Fixed-head Coupé (2- or 4-light), £295. Romney 2-seater Drop-head Coupé, £325. Denton 4-seater Drop-head Coupé, £335. All prices ex Works.

Complete range of models on view at 174–182 Great Portland Street, London, W. 1

SYNCHRO MESH FAULTLESS GEAR CHANGE

Take a trial run in the 1933

VAUXHALL CADET

THE CAR WITH THE SILKY PERFORMANCE

CONTINUATIONS

PLAYS OF TO-DAY *(Continued from p. 21)*

A French Minister is in bed—and the *tricolore* bed-cover does not shelter him alone. He learns by telephone of the miracle, and discusses it with his female companion. A German Minister, also snoozing beneath the flag of his country, lets his wife (for there is virtue in the Fatherland!) answer the 'phone, saying he has too much to do already in looking after the living. A British Minister is in a magnificent bed, magnificently alone beneath the Union Jack. His butler deals with the telephone, and sends the dignified message that as the affairs in question are happening in France it is really not his master's business.

Satire, melodrama, cynicism, rather shaky political economy, an occasional tedium—all are present in *Miracle at Verdun*. But the little Embassy Theatre is to be congratulated on producing it and on producing it so capably.

Out of an enormous cast I would single out for special eulogy Mr. Huntley Wright, Mr. James Dale, Mr. Ivan Samson, and Mr. Charles Carson.

Some veterans of the stage used to tell the young idea to regard the audience as an enemy, to be conquered as such; and there is a great deal to be said for the theory. I don't know the usual effect Miss Joan Crawford has on the enemy (to adopt George III's immortal description of his generals) but, by God, she frightens me.

I have just seen at the Palace Theatre the film version of *Grand Hotel* in which Miss Crawford plays Flæmmchen. The part, as those who have read the book or who saw Miss Ursula Jeans play it so delightfully at the Adelphi, is that of an attractive little typist—a trifle hard of heart, perhaps, but wholly pleasing in her soft and very sexual allure. Miss Crawford has a trick of making her mouth rectangular and of opening her eyes so wide that the whites appear all round the pupils. Frankly I was terrified.

Since this is the Hollywood recipe for "vamping," and since Miss Crawford falls in with it to the tune of I don't know how many thousand dollars a week, all is doubtless well. But it will to me always remain a puzzle that an appearance, admirably suited for that of Medea in the act of slaughtering her children, should be officially considered to register sex-appeal. I would be surprised if in real life it managed to detain a lately-landed sailor.

The dancer is played by Miss Greta Garbo. There are two vital points about this part: one that she is a dancer, and another that she is middle-aged. Miss Garbo did not, and for natural reasons cannot, look in the least like a dancer. Also, she is shown in several close-ups looking radiantly young, without a line or a wrinkle. Apart, however, from thus missing entirely the character's meaning and letting the whole bottom fall out of Vicki Baum's story with a dull thud, Miss Garbo did remarkably well.

The men are much better. I do not wish to see finer performances on or off the screen than those of John Barrymore as the Baron, brother Lionel as Kringelein, Wallace Beery as Preysing, and Lewis Stone as the doctor.

Among all these stars room for the story is found somewhere, and it is a film well worth seeing. But I would advise a reading, or a re-reading, of the novel before a visit.

A LEDGER OF THE LEAGUE, 1920–32 *(Continued from p. 13)*

May it be hoped that no special pleading for the League is suspect in this article. Like others long familiar with Geneva, the writer is well aware of the weaknesses and fissures in the local edifice, its lobbying and intrigue, its aforementioned constant "trouble-parade" (a serious matter), its so-far impuissance before the vital questions, its dilatory methods as if one could wait for ever, its strong tendency to maintain the order coming from a dictated peace—as none in history had ever been dictated before—its proneness to devote too much time to academic matters and to statistics, its rare opportunity for the rallying of cranks, not to mention of obstructing experts, its crowning effect of flinging all the intricate affairs of the contemporary world pell-mell together, thereby making human solution so terribly difficult . . . but "it is the one thing we got out of the War."

Should it be scrapped? Or should the League be given another chance, and yet another? Opinions will vary. One thing, however, *must* happen if Geneva is to survive. The League must become a giver. It must learn to give to people who claim. It must initiate policies calculated to relieve the pressure of a hundred million human beings cramped in want in Germany and Italy, to instance the more obvious cases. The League, which is ourselves, must learn that supremely difficult act. Or one sees no ultimate future for it, even if the present crisis be navigated. Disarmament success, while accomplishing an immense amount, will not put Geneva in permanent clover. Other things are coming up after disarmament, if we are lucky to get as far. And for these other things the League must be prepared. Or quitting on the large scale, perhaps to-day prevented, will inevitably follow. And with it, the end of the world's first effort to pull together.

THE FINE ART OF THE TABLE *(Continued from p. 32)*

And here is the simplest of savoury dishes to follow:

Boil in milk, to which salt has been added, as many onions as required. Drain off when tender and chop on a board, meanwhile stirring in sufficient grated cheese to provide a strong flavouring. Return the mixture to the saucepan to re-heat and serve with Energen bread, a production in which the starch of ordinary flour has been greatly reduced and the protein, or nourishing element, accurately increased. This bread is not only particularly suitable to the delicate digestion, but is, indeed, to normally healthy folk crisply delicious to eat.

To complete the luncheon, fresh fruit, stewed in the English country manner. Pears, apples, or plums may be gently stewed in a small quantity of water to which just sufficient sugar has been added, the rind and juice of a lemon and one wineglassful of sherry. Simmer until soft and, when cold, serve with sweet almonds and fresh cream. As a luncheon drink, Kia-Ora strikes me as an ideal accompaniment to such a meal.

It would be treason to conclude without some further mention of the typically English dessert. Here is a recipe that has come to me from my grandmother and which seems, in my opinion, to express all that might be said about the excellence of our country dishes:

PUMPKIN PIE

½ lb. of ripe pumpkin	½ lb. of finely chopped apple
½ lb. of washed currants	2 oz. of mixed peel
Three tablespoons sugar	Enough short pastry to cover

Peel and seed the pumpkin. Chop finely and add the apple and currants. Blend with the sugar and peel and a small pinch of cinnamon. Line the pie-plate with pastry, pile in the mixture, and bake fifty minutes in a sharp oven.

And, last but not least, a word of advice to those who crave a healthy, refreshing sleep. A new drink, Bourn-Vita, has been designed by Messrs. Cadbury to meet the pace of modern life. A complete food in itself, it combines the vitamins and other dietetic properties of all its ingredients, the chief of which are milk, malt, eggs, and cocoa. Bourn-Vita is easily digested; it contains over 99 per cent. of bone-forming and energy-giving constituents. It may be recommended alike to athletes and those in robust health, for all children, elderly people, and those in convalescence, and perhaps above all for the average energetic modern woman.

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NOTES and NEWS

CANADIAN PACIFIC FORTHCOMING CRUISES

Already announcement has been made by the Canadian Pacific of their earliest pleasure cruises for the spring of 1933. Splendid ships have been selected for these cruises from the company's modern fleet. The *Duchess of Atholl*, a 20,000 tons oil-burner, will make two Mediterranean cruises in February and March, sailing from Liverpool; while her sister ship, the *Duchess of Richmond*, will make two cruises to the Mediterranean in March and April, sailing from Southampton. In the same month the beautiful *Empress of Australia*, a 22,000 tons oil-burner, will make a popular thirteen days' cruise from Southampton. These spring cruises vary from thirteen to twenty-one days' duration at prices from as low as 19 guineas—an amazingly low cost for wide and luxurious holiday travel.

THE BRITISH EXHIBITION IN COPENHAGEN

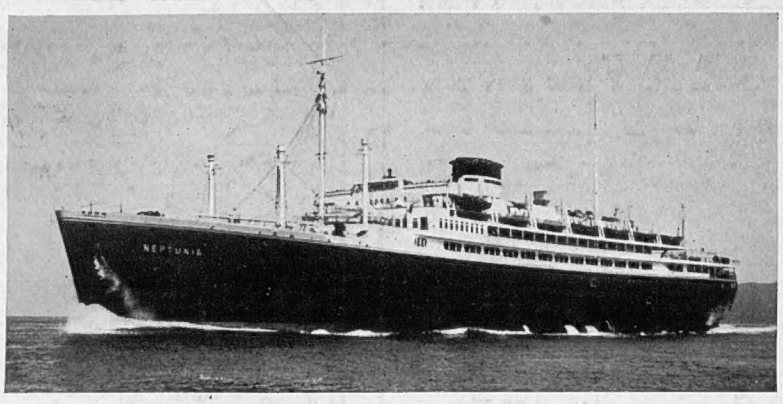
One of the first orders at the British Industries Exhibition in Copenhagen was secured by C. C. Wakefield and Company, makers of Castrol oil. The value of the order is 25,000 kroner (£1,250) and the consignment is to be delivered to one of the largest firms in Denmark.

A SOUTH AMERICAN LUXURY CRUISE

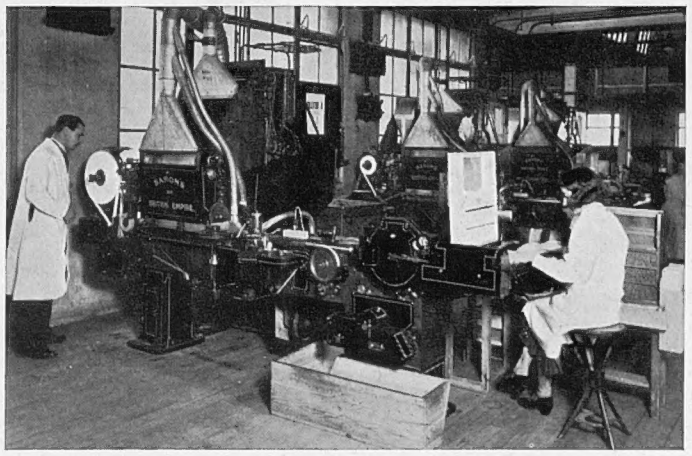
The annual tour round South America of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company will again be performed by M.V. *Reina de Pacifico*, 17,707 tons gross register, sailing from Liverpool January 18 and from Plymouth January 19, 1933. This vessel is Britain's fastest and most luxurious motor liner. The *Reina de Pacifico* is recognized as the last word in luxury and comfort, and her accommodation includes a large number of state rooms with private bath, etc., single-bedded rooms, and rooms for two or three persons. The public rooms are furnished in an extremely tasteful and luxurious style and the promenade decks are exceptionally spacious. There is a sports deck which measures 76 by 63 ft. without obstruction, fully-equipped gymnasium, swimming pool, cocktail bar, and gentlemen's club room, in addition to grand hall, winter garden, library, writing-rooms, etc.

The tour is one of over 20,000 miles and occupies seventy-four days. Sixteen countries are visited and excursions are made to all the principal capital cities of South America. On the outward journey the vessel traverses the Straits of Magellan, which comprise some of the most majestic and grandest scenery to be found in the world, and homeward bound she passes through the Panama Canal, which has aptly been described as "Man's great liberty with Nature." In addition to the South American countries, calls are made at Jamaica, Havana, and the Azores, and the "pièce de résistance" of the whole tour is a visit to Juan Fernandez—Robinson Crusoe's Island—situated 365 miles due west of Valparaiso in the Pacific Ocean.

The fares are extremely moderate, the minimum rates being £185 first class, and £122 second class.



EUROPE TO SOUTH AMERICA IN A WEEK: The motor vessel, *Neptunia*, of the Cosulich Line is making her maiden voyage and is to complete the crossing between Europe and South America in seven days. Six days before her maiden voyage her sister ship, the *Oceania*, was launched in the Montfalcone shipyards. She will take up her position in the service with the *Neptunia* in March, 1933. The most important innovation to be found in connection with these two ships is the subdivision and equipment of the accommodation of all classes on an elevated standard. The subdivision into first, second, second economic, and third class has been substituted in the motor vessels, *Neptunia* and *Oceania*, by cabin class and third class



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Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *October* 1, 1932. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

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Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *October* 1, 1932. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903